



R. Carpenterus Sac. Pictoris oculum Gouffierus,
Sicut in mea praecepta, fluitantibus lacrimis,
Eidem parit lapsum pariter et minas, maledicti,
Silentium indicat atque obmutescit.



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Sicut in mea praecepta, fluitantibus lacrimis,
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A
NEW PLAY

Call'd

The Pragmatical Jesuit

New-leven'd.

A Comedy.

By *Richard Carpenter.*



LONDON,

Printed for N. R. and are to be sold at
Westminster-Hall and the *New-Exchange, &c.*

NEW PLAY

The Prigmaral Jemine

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

BRITISH MUSEUM
SALE DUPLICATE
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Yodoye
Printed for J. R. and sold by
W. W. and H. and the
Pindage &c.

The Prologue.

Enter Galen Junior, a Physician.

He holds up a Urinal with water in it, and looks on the water.

Gal. IT is high-colour'd, shews the blood's inflam'd,
Yet pretty clear. Th' Evil may well be nam'd:
Without offence. Something I find of waight
Sink to the Deep, which Mist-like, rises straight,
And clears again. I cannot rightly call
This a Distemper, when I judge of all.
Gentlemen, help a little, look with me,
Whose Water judge you this I cast to be?
You know not, No. Nor shall I tell in haste,
Lest then perhaps the man himself be cast,
More than his Water. This I freely say,
The Poets Water 'tis that made the Play.
And yet no Water-Poets. The Play then,
Is high, and clear, and deep, and clear again,
Just as the Poets Water. Who indeed.
Had he not been a Patient forc'd to bleed,
Had never Poetiz'd. By this I know
He's rendred Poet from this Cornick Shew.
He courts you all by me, and recommends
His Jesuit in the Play, to you as Friends.
For him abroad: He gives you notice how
The Dev'l himself is turn'd Jesuit now.
Yet thus declares; He quarrels not with all;
Only with Devilish and Pragmatical
Church-Empericks. As he is, be you mild:
He kills the Dragon, but he spares the Child.

Exit.

The

The Actors.

Galen Junior, a *Physician*.

Agrippa, a *Conjurer*.

Lucifer, the *Prince of Devils*.

Lucifuge, *Page to Lucifer*.

Aristotle Junior, a *Scholar*.

Fear, *Servant to Devotion*.

Ignoro, a *Lawyer*.

Magnifico, a *Soldier*.

Madam Hypocritie.

Pretty, her *Maid*.

Mr. Compliment, a *Courier*.

Mr. Demure, a *Citizen*.

Gaffer High-shoe, a *Cowman*.

Mr. See Senior, a *Spaniard*.

Mr. Signior See, an *Italian*.

Masfieur Kickshaw, a *Frenchman*.

A *Beggar*.

A *Bag-piper*.

An *Orange-maid*.

My Lord *Liberal*.

Mrs. Dorothy, his *Niece*.

An *Angel*.

F. Wallis, a *Jesuit*.

Sr. John Wit-little.

The *singing Cocker*.

Pustevant.

Constable.

F. Tompion, a *Jesuit*.

A *poor man, as possessed*.

Padre John Baroto, a *Devil*.

One *conversing a damned Spirit*.

Mr. Ninny, an *Anabaptist*.

Faber Prior,

Faber Nelson,

Faber Robert,

Key-keeper.

Don Lewis, a *Prisoner*.

A *Page*.

A *little Girl that sings*.

Spanish Dancers.

A *Woman in a mean Habit*.

A *Boy*.

Two *Monks*.

Clement, a *Jesuit*.

Barrier,

Reviliack,

Guido Vane,

Tony,

A *little Jesuit*.

A *little Monk*.

Dancer.

The Scene, London.



THE Pragmatical Jesuit new-leven'd.

Act 1. Scene 1.

Enter *Agrippa* a Conjuror, and *Lucifer* the Prince of Devils.

Lucifer, Be not retrograde to my Commands.

Lucifer. Agrippa, I must be true and constant to my self. Your Commands are destructive of *Arcana Imperii*, the fundamental Secrets of our Kingdom.

Agripp. Lucifer, I presume not to refine or advance thy Knowledge. I acknowledge the *old Adept* in thee. But if thou dost not answer with obsequious and rigorous obedience to these my Sacred Charms, acted on the Spire and Pinnacle of Magick, thou wilt unhinge the Master-piece of Combination betwixt thee and the learned and high-flown part of the world, besides other evils that are ancillary and dependent.

Lucifer. Great Sir, Speak your Commands more at large, more *circumstantially*.

Agripp. Give attendance. Look upon thee. These are persons whom I devoutly

reverence, who sit high and enthron'd in my thoughts and estimation. They hear every day from all parts much of thee in the world, and of thy Serpentine and Dragonish Cunning; and thereports of thy deceit, lubricity, policies, continually crowd in their ears for entrance. Hither they have retired to receive right, downright, and candid Information. Here stands my charge. Discover here *theatrically*, the most deep-bottom'd and profound contrivances, by which thou dost amuse, imperil, ensnare the world, and involve it in thy dragonish rayl. My Charge does not out-walk it to thy quotidian windings; and petty tumbling-tricks. These *Hermetic Spirits* are circled here, to take a near view of the great Wheel in its motion, upon which the lesser wheels and weights wait and attend.

Lucifer. This would unwind my great work, unwind and unravel all.

Agripp. Thou speakest under thy self.

Thy

Thy Policies have been abundantly dismantled amongst men, and yet thy Kingdom is not unborow'd, shaken, not, yet yea, stands upon a firmer Basis and Possessal than formerly. Howsoever most mens understandings are illustrated, their blind Wills will always be prepossession, obstinate and deaf to goodness. We bandy words. Thou, though the grand Emperour of infernal Spirits, art not exorbitant and overbearing from my Commands. Be pliable, be conformable, or *prostat componere finibus*.

Lucifer. Mighty Sir, I compose my troubled and tempestuous thoughts: I strike sayl, and submit.

Agripp. Enough. I go. I have omitted no tittle of observance in the steerage of my Charge, no sacred Character, Word, Ceremony. Slightest thou in the least Atome or Punctilio of performance. *Exit Agrippa*.

Lucifer. This proud *Agrippa* fancies he wields and commands me by a *Magical power*, merely *natural*, as a Prince his Slave by a *Despotic Dominion*. There is no such power in *Aerum Naturæ*. I hold him by the secret Nerves & Ligaments of a *traditional* and *implicit Compell*: and therefore must obey, or discharge my Hold, damp and dead my Title. *Lucifuga*.

Enter Lucifuga, a little Devil, like a Blackamoor Boy.

Lucifuga. Your Pleasure, great Prince of Night.

Lucifer. I am engag'd by some *Reason of State*, for a time here at *London*. Follow me in the dress of a Page, and be ready to be visible or invisible as I shall design.

Lucifuga. I am, high Sir, your both visible and invisible Servant, to be seen and not heard, heard and not seen, neither heard nor seen, both seen and heard, to be felt and not smelt, smelt and not felt, both felt and smelt, neither smelt nor felt;

when, where, how, or in what shape you shall direct. *Exeunt*.

All 1. Seen 2.

Enter Aristotle Junior, a young Scholar.

Arist. This is the Sacred Grove, this the newest Spring-Garden: Here she dwells. A solitary place, thus, and carv'd by Nature into a fit *Receptacle* for such, and so sublime a person. Surely, she understands the language of Birds, the Songs of the Wood-Quintlers, and is promoted in her Knowledge by them. And here the free and open Ayre allows her a more liberal Prospect towards Heaven, when she looks beyond the Birds, and the Sea-Scargazer the *Manuscript*. Who gives Answer here?

Enter Fear, a Man in a Green.

I most humbly desire access to the Lady of this Place.

Fear. How do you call her?

Arist. She is universally known by the name of Lady *Devotion*.

Fear. Here she resides indeed. But access to her is not rashly & suddenly granted. You must begin at me: my name is *Fear*. When you are initiated by sufficient and inward acquaintance with me, I shall with due *Fear* give you up into the chaste hands of *Immaculacy*; *Immaculacy* will innocently endear you to *Simplicity*; *Simplicity* with an uneven'd *Simplicity* will resign you to *Knowledge*; *Knowledge* will knowingly prefer you to *Prudence*; and *Prudence* will prudently conduct you to the Lady *Devotion*, who will devoutly receive you.

Arist. I most humbly desire admittance.

Fear. What is your Name?

Arist. Aristotle Junior. I am a *Graduate* in the University, intending by a *right Line* forward.

Fear.

The Pragmatick Jesuits New-levens'd.

Fear. You may enter: But first, with
a reverent *Fear* bear your Welcom.

A Song.

Welcome, Scholar, whose Desire,
Kindled with Celestiall Fire,
Prompts thee to a Pious Motion
In quest of sublime Devotion.
And points with Pyramidal Love
(Flame-like) to the things above.
Leave thy Body where thou art:
Enter thy Spiritual Part.

One sings
in the
sick room.

Then shalt thou be install'd
Angelical,
Above thy mortal self, Se-
raphical.
After the Vertues here,
compas'd into a Ring,
Shall all encircle thee, and so thy
Laurels sing.

These 4 Ver-
ses are the
Burden, and
sung by many
together.

First, Fear lays thee in the dust,
And presents a Power just:
Which awes, and commands thy Soul
Not to act without consent:
Bends thee to a Law that binds,
And a chiding Conscience finds,
If ought'st to indure: and so
Humbles thine thy self to know.
Then shalt thou be —
After, the Vertues —

Innocency stamps thee good,
Cheeks the Sallies of thy Blood:
Signifies thee moral; and refers
Thee to him that never errs,
Moving him to recommend
Thee to the sublimest End.
And the Meanes in their Degree,
As he most expedient sees.
Then shalt thou be —
After, the Vertues —

Simplicity flames thee pure
From false-dealing, and the love
Of base Lucre, jingling Tongue,
Gesture, Forehead, Hands from wrong.
Tutours thy Life: guards all free
From taint of Hypocrite:
Renders all thy doings even,
Clear as Flower without's of Leven.
Then shalt thou be —
After, the Vertues —

Knowledge dath adorn and clear
The Soul in her highest Sphere:
Brings high things near to our sight,
Sees thy darkest things in light:
Solves doubts, and removes offences,
Our greatest of Goods commences:
Teaches us what should be done
To end where we first begun.
Then shalt thou be —
After, the Vertues —

Prudence, salt-like seasons Life,
Parting, as the Surgeons Knife,
Sound and unsound: holds the Reins
Of Vertues: holds Vice in chains.
To Practicks allowance brings,
Prescribes manner, measure, things.
Enter then, as you desire, Exit.
Ten'st the Queen your Thoughts advise.
Then shalt thou be —
After, the Vertues —

All 1. Scen. 3.

Enter Galen Junior, Ignoro a Lawyer,
Magnifico a Souldier.

Gal. Ignoro, Our very knowing (if I
may so speak without prejudice to your
Name) and long-leeved Lawyer by Sta-
ture; and Magnifico, our magnifying and
multiplying Souldier, be not so ready-
footed. By Justice, which you ought to
maintain

maintain with your Tongue, & you defend with your Sword, the Precedency belongs to me. It is my duty first to follow the Lady.

Ign. Gal. Jun. I am the right owner though not in possession. My *vocation* gives it me to have and to hold by firm Tenure. I defend man, and his Heire, and his heirs heirs to the world end in their just and lawful Rights, *secundum apum & homum*, with respect to all their outward Goods.

Gal. You deal abroad. I come near to him: I maintain him in his inward health, and foulder up his Body in case of sickness.

Magn. And I defend and maintain the Common-wealth, and general Good. By how much therefore the General Good is more *divine* than a Good which is particular and private, by so much is my Work and Employment more worthy, more noble, and more excellent than yours or yours. Upon this your Ground I challenge both the Place, and him that claimes it before me. And my Sword shall uphold my Right founded upon the publick Good. Stand off.

Gal. The second Place is due to me. I am sure I am the better man of the two. *Ignors*, stand thou off. Lawyers of all others are farthest from Devotion.

Ign. Gal. Jun. Unhand me. Gentlemen, bear witness: A meer Action of Bittery *secundum statuta*. The next Water is brought so thee to be cast, in my own defence I will break the Urinal about thy head, yea though it contain the Poets Water. For the present, I am a Sufferer.

Magn. Within there.

Enter Fear.

Fear. What demand you, Gentlemen?

Magn. Hither we have march't to visit the Lady Devotion. My name is *Magnificus*. I am a Soldier. Unto Devotion will serve

my turn.

Gal. My name is *Galen junior*, I am a Physician; and though most of us be Atheists, a little Devotion is a healthsom Ingredient in some kind of Medicine.

Ign. My name is *Ignor*, I am a Lawyer, I dare so take all thy Fees, lawful, or unlawful, a little devoutly.

Fear. Gentlemen, True Devotion is not little. But as Wheat passes through many hands and offices before it comes to the Table in pure Minchet: So before ye can be admitted into the Royal presence of Lady Devotion, ye must here employ some time in learning and imbibing the directions and documents, first, of *Fear*, afterwards of *Innocency*, then of *Simlicity*, then again of *Knowledge*, and lastly, of *Prudence*.

Magn. How? Gentlemen, Heard ye this Lecture? Have we Novitians and Pupillages to undergo? We must be set back to School again. A Scouldier should not fear, neither be innocent, much less simple.

Ign. Sir, Once more, My name is *Ignor*. A Lawyer is the Phoenix of his age, if he be knowing above the common level of *Novitians* and false Larne.

Gal. Nor should a Physician be prudent. I must kill undividedly, and without justifying what I do with a *Profundum est*.

Magn. Aiden Friend, Tell your Lady we return, and go in search of another Mistress.

Exit Fear.

Gentlemen, Let's be Friends, and hew out our way to better Fortunes. Devotion does not become us: It is not in fashion within our Territories.

Gal. The first thing I do, shall be this: I'll take a Vomir, and fetch her out of my Stomack, that I may have no more appetite to her.

Ign. And thou shalt give me a scowring Purge,

Purge, and I'll send her privately going some other way, that I may take Arden cleanly, privately, and with safety.

Exit Arden.
Enter Madam Hippolyta, and Prouty.

Hyp. Prouty, what's the news?
Prouty. Madam, I have good news.

Hyp. Well and wittily answer'd: That put together, is Prouty. Madam, Thou art Prouty and witty too. I know that I am beautiful, and I know that to be Prouty.

Prouty. I am your servant, Prouty, Madam.
Hyp. Good again. I am prouty outwardly, and inwardly prouty. I am prouty and holy too.

Prouty. Madam, you are more than prouty and holy, you are exceedingly holy.
Hyp. Girl, thou fillest truths: I exceed in my kind of Holiness, for I should not be the Lady I am, Madam Hippolyta. Well: Call my three English Scholars forth, that I may see what Progress they have made in my kind of Holiness.

Enter Prouty.
Yonder peevish Lady *Devotion* lives retired, as if she fear'd Mankind, or that a Kiss would blast her. I am hospitable: I reject no man. She prepares all persons by Influence from her inferior Servants, for her presence; as men are prepar'd in Turkey for the Bith: I receive all at their first entrance, into my near Embraces.

Enter Mr. Complamant, a Courtier, Mr. Demure, a Citizen, Gaffer Highbottom.

Prouty. Here they are, Madam.
Hyp. Is well. Mr. Complamant, my book lately and Courtier; Courtier, Mr. Demure, my moraliz'd and civil Citizen; and Gaffer Highbottom, my honest Countreyman;

an Countreyman of the honest party: I am desirous to behold some fair fruits of your Persuadancy in my School. First, Should your Affairs urge you to profess love where ye do not, or cannot love, to countenance your profession, how would ye look in such a case, how be have your selves with what sweet words would ye accost the person, what would ye say?

Comp. Our honourable Mistress, I would look thus.

Dem. And I thus, or thus.
Hyp. And I thus, and thus, and thus again.

Comp. My behaviour should be this.
Dem. And this mine.

Hyp. And mine as you see.

Comp. And I would say, Noble Sir, I do love you beyond the faint apprehension of humane capacity, beyond what all Orators can speak, and beyond what any man can do but my self; and then in an holy manner, I would swear too, and second my Oath with an eye towards Heaven.

Dem. I would say, Dear Brother, I do love you with as much zeal as my poor heart is able to hold without breaking: my love to you, is just weight according to the ballance of sincerity: yet, I profess, and again profess, and profess again, that I love you without the Leaven or taint of any kind of Impurity.

Hyp. And I would say, Master, indeed and in truth now I do love your Worship: In good sooth I do, I have lov'd you, I do love you, and I will love you now and anon too.

Hyp. This is Scholar-like. If your necessities should require that ye cheat a man, how then?

Comp. Then would I look him in the face with a smiling and amiable countenance, with all the Graces dancing on my forehead and cheeks: I would join eye

to eye; I would open my cherry lips, and show him my white and ivory teeth in token of my Innocency: I would salute him with an earthquake of my head: and afterwards, bow my body to him thus low, and speak all the fairest words that *Cicero* could have utter'd when his wits were most fresh in a Sun-shiny morning.

Dow. I would embrace him, and gently pull his body close to my heart-side; I would musick this action with a groan, after the accent of *Hegemon*, the Dove, when he courts his Mistress: I would stoop, and hold my ear upwards toward his mouth, as if I did expect *Atabonius* Pigeons: I would speak whiningly, and be ready to weep, and then wipe mine eyes very painfully and industriously from the tears which were not. Afterwards, I would conscientiously do my best endeavour, as your Ladyship fables it, to cheat him.

Heph. And I would first stand aloof off, and strive to look pale as if I fear'd him, and send half a score of long Legs before me: then would I move devoutly by little and little, every step should signify a man of Worship, towards him: I would not go close, but hold off, as if he were some fine thing that had wrought false Miracles: I would look very simply and innocently, after the manner of us honest Countrymen, as like our country Lombei I would scratch my head on this side and on the other; as if I had a mind to dig up a nest of good words with my nails: And then, acting prettily with my right hand betwixt my mouth and my heart, I would say something which I neither meant nor understood, and cheat him purely.

Hyp. Your Judgment of this, *Pray.*

Dow. 'Tis pretty well, Madam.

Hyp. Superlatively well: For my self could not soar higher: How would ye walk the

streets in a City as this is? Have ye learn'd all your postures of Goodness, all your traverses of Salutation, your pious Gestures of Reprehension, that ye may be thought irreproachably holy, to be perform'd, as ye go, on every side?

Comp. I would walk, salute, and reprehend thus.

Dow. I after this manner.

Heph. And I so, in City and Country.

Hyp. Excellently: Ye all in your kind, merit a Garland of Preferment. *Pray,* Introduce my three Out-landers: If they have thriv'd as thoroughly, I am rich in Agents and *Exit Pray.* Emulators: I shall be able to delude the whole world: The Devil will hardly keep himself out of the Snare.

Enter *Pray*, *Mr. See Senior*, a Spaniard, *Mr. Signior See*, an Italian; *Monsieur Kickshaw*, a Frenchman.

Mr. See Senior, my *Spanish* Scholar; *Mr. Signior See*, my pure *Italy*; and *Monsieur Kickshaw*, my Scholar from *France*: My thoughts triumph in the Climax, to the top of which my *English* Scholars have risen: there wants but the other Wing on your side, and I fly.

See Sen. Madam; *See Senior* will not be dropping or drooping on his part. I have learn'd exactly to kneel upon one Knee, and to draw part of my long Rapier in my publick Devotions, to signify my readiness to defend the truth: to praise the mildness and modesty of the Inquisition, though it be cruel above the Gallies: to pretend fulness from a Bunch of Grapes, and a Clove of Garlick, beyond what all the varieties of *England* afford. I often pray to the powers in Heaven, but I swear by them oftner. My heart is most zealous towards the *Sacred* Saints above; but I am yet more

servant.

servant towards the pretty hearts beneath, and if they fail, the Beast falls even to my desires. I more love the Image in holy things, than the Substance: I can be cruel to the raising of horror and trembling in the hearers, as I have been in the *Judges*: and leave the Jesuits to colour and cover it with a godly reason; as something may be studied in the favour of all things, though never so barbarous and horrid: I can bring torturing whips for *England* in a Navy, and delegate the Jesuits to urge that I thought them to whip and discipline my self in the Raptures and Ecstasies of my Devotion: I am a true servant to the Jesuits in the promoting of their ends; but I falsely forge that the end should be good, and the action agreeable: I work mischief slowly, but surely: I shall perform incomparably more: Let this suffice to be spoken.

Sigs. Ser. Madam, you will not find me empty: a man so near the Fountain-head and so wax-like to the Impression of high things: I abound with all the possible garbs of Devotion, and with Bell-conceptions to garnish them: My Soul is enticed fresh every day at my ease, and I am carried wholly out of myself, with the Musick of the Churches; but I direct little attention to the thing signified: I have a Seraglio of women in my thoughts: but the fair Boy waits there as most delicious: May it please your Madamship; the Turk himself is not so frolick in this kind of Devotion as I am. I stile my self much an admirer and honourer of the Jesuits; but for the ancient Father of the Society in the *case profess*, he is the man in my breast: I dare let him loose to combat with the old Devil himself in *Marchevellism*: I own the holy Monuments of the good men in old time; and those are abundantly sufficient to save me: to the which I add a few dull and scanty Devotions. As, once in a hundred

years I convert a *Jew*, and perhaps a whore when she is rotten, old, and past pleasure: I pass and repass many godly beggerdemains in the Inquisition; but I seldom convert any there, except it be into ashes by fire: and if any man prevent me by death, I make a flame offering of his carcass, as I did of *Spalas's* in *Campo di fiori*; and that believe me, Madam, was a far one, I had a godly *English* Friend, who came from *England* to *Rome*, the other day, and there mournfully complain'd with much of your spirit, that he had been horribly persecuted by the wild and savage *English*: and in the Rant of his Tavern-devotion, came headlong down the Tavern Stairs, and broke his neck, beyond the skill of the Bone-setter, & so his hypocritical mouth was stop'd. It belongs to this Story, Madam, that a devout *Spaniard* came a while ago into *England* with intention to convert it, as having heard that the people were wild, and liv'd in Woods, and Caves of the earth: but arriving at *Canterbury*, and by most plain and manifold experience finding it otherwise, he fairly, but not softly, return'd from thence wiser than he came. Truly, Madam, we do fetch & patch together many precious & godly Stories in *Italy*, which though they be somewhat near to good ends, are very wide of truth; and yet good Ends must be sought by *proportionable means*, and Truth wants not the helping hand of Falshood to support it: I am your Vassal at hand to assist the rest.

Abb. Kick. Madam, I do not impunge my self over head and ears into Devotion; because as the *Phoenix* and other high-mowing and Eagle-wing'd *Italians*, I have a noble part of the Atheist within me: but I can play the devout fool prettily and modestly at set times: And of all Nations, I do you most humble service, Madam. For such a monstrous and long-sleeved Petticoat,

such a changeling and phantastical dress, such a Pedlars-pack of Ribbands, concurring with an outward form of Devotion, is the top and top-gallant of Hypocrisy. Besides, the modes and numberless number of Fashions, that never *Flanders-Horse* was sick of so many, in *Jerusalem Conjunction* with Godliness, pencil forth and give Hypocrisy in her full splendor. Afterwards, the Complements *a la mode de France*, which multiply words beyond limit, and above Arithmetick, and recount to a Lady her both invisible and impossible Perfections, when they meet in the same point with a scarlet Tincture of Piety, degenerate into perfect Hypocrisy. Madam, I pretend to Valour and a generous heart: and indeed, when I was a Boy in long coats, I rode upon a Bear, as our honorable custom is in *Paris*, led by the Bear-hood to my Fathers Door; and thence it came, as the speech of the Vulgar goes, that I could never be afraid afterwards of man or beast. And in *Paris*, the Captains of our Train'd Bands are for the greatest part Taylors, Madam, as I am; not only because they rode upon Bears when they were in Coats and bare behind, but also because they are nimble at their weapon, and to put them in mind of going through-slit with their work when they fight: And yet, I confess to you, Madam, that when I am well beaten by a *Spaniard* or an *Englishman*, I cry *Mou dieu, Mou dieu*: and this is Hypocrisy too, though of a lower Orb. We plead all with one mouth against the Inquisition; but *per mia Foy*, we have a *French* Inquisition in *Paris*, otherwise call'd the *Bastille*, which is not parallel'd by either *Italian* or *Spanish* Inquisition: And is it not exalted and sublimated Hypocrisy, when we bear a superlative name hear to him above the world, as if we were most abstracted from the world; and yet we teach the world,

and all the Phantasmes and lying Legends of the world to all the world. Madam, I am old excellent in the practise of a singular virtue which the precise part of people call Lying: Indeed I can scarce tune my mouth to speak Truth: And I can swear such Oaths, as would blister an ordinary mans ears: I am very quick and pliable at stealing; and then I can save it, daub it, and gild it over with a Lye: To tell all, is beyond all my power: For the rest, I rest your *Tres-humble* and restless *Servant*, Monsieur *Kickshaw*, of *Paris*, Taylor.

Hyp. Europe is mine; the other three *Paris* are within my Verge: My hopes are high as the Firmament. My *Servants*, home-bred and forraign, are men of all hours, weigh all the moments and niceties of Policy, know all the private Overtures and Inclinations of Opportunity, all the knacks of Hypocrisy; and are able to vie cunning with all the simple, lean, and sagg end of the world. Scholars and Friends; howsoever we must bear before us a plausible out-side, a fair Forehead of Carriage, a Gloss of Demeanour; yet inwardly, amongst our selves, we may be free and jolly; and as the Brethren in private, turn Wine down by the Tayl into the belly of a fat Capon, at a Merchants Table, to compose good Sauce; in like manner, we may rejoyce at due times, with in, and over the Creature. Let's have a Dance in the venturous aspirings of our Hopes, and the soyrings of our present Joys.

They Dance.

After the Dance.

Pres. Madam, I hear the motion of some approaching persons.

Hyp. Let's withdraw. *Exeunt Omnes.*

Act 1. Scene 3.

Enter Galen Junior, Ignaro and Magnifico.

Gal. Still my Stomack is upon a blabbing account, it utters all: It disbursts faster than it receives: I think my Vomit will never leave giving, till it gives up Stomack and all. I mixt it very high, and it works accordingly.

He strains, seems ready to vomit, and goes forth.

Ign. And my Belly tumbles and rumbles without end, after this puissant Chymical Purge: I fear, I shall purge my guts forth. Certainly, I was full of Devotion: I had more matter in me than I was aware of: O, I must go. *Exit.*

Magn. The Lawyer has a motion. This falls right: Now we cannot jarre in contest for precedence: the place is peaceably deliver'd up to me: and I will not disband, or give a pass to the present opportunity. *He knocks.*

Enter Pretty, with a Book in her hand.

Pretty. Good Sir, speak not except your business be both weighty and godly; I am engag'd in my Devotions.

Magn. A Maid as fair as may be, as fair as May is, as fair as a Morning in May: I am sorry thee's bookish: yet our most free, blith and buxom Girls here, expose commonly a godly Book on the Cupboards head in their Chambers, where they continually sacrifice to Venus. Sweet Maid, are you the Lady of this fair Building? If it were assigned to the fairest of Maids, it would be yours.

Pretty. Sir, I may not dispense with my mouth to answer your vain and impertinent discourse otherwise than thus: You stile me Sweet; this Book is sweeter than

all Nature's Wardrobe of sweet things: and for the fair building, this little Book builds fairer. The fairest of Maids is Virtue; here she dwells, and here. *She points to her Book and her Heart.*

Magn. This Maid transports me Sweet and fair, beyond compare.

Pretty. I beseech you, Sir, be not grievous to me. *Musick.*

Heark: The Musick invites me: I must sit down, hood mine eyes, and set my thoughts flying upon high things, with my Arms pleated in this devout Knot.

After a while.

Magn. Having transported me, her self is now transported.

Some while after.

Sans doubt, this holy Creature lives many degrees above mortality.

Yet a while after.

I have met with one in History, that desired, and very much endeavour'd to see himself sleep; but could never bring both ends of his desire together. Such a sleep as this in such a Creature, would keep me awake without sleeping. *The Musick ceases.*

Enter Galen Junior.

Gal. O, I am heart-sick still. And no marvel: For the Intention of the Vomit was, to fetch all Devotion out of my heart. But the sight of this pretty Heart somewhat eases my dull heart, and relieves me. Sleeps she?

Magn. No. She meditates.

Enter Ignaro.

Ign. I have been so liberal in purging, that I am perswaded I have left my Soul behind me: O my sweet Soul, Have I then lost thee?

Magn. Your Soul is not so sweet, if you have left it behind you. Look higher, Lawyer, the sweeter Soul's before you.

Exit.

Ign. She is an Angel.

Magn. Lawyer, You are without circumlocutions, a Dunce. Who ever read of a She-Angel? or, of an Angel that put on the shape of a woman? I is enough, that an Angel and a woman concur in some point of similitude.

Ign. She is such an Angel that I should not refuse for a Fee.

Gal. She is warm, as we are: and soft as the finest *Persian Silk*. *She starts up.*

Pres. Be not rude, Gentlemen: Ye have chas'd away my purest and divinest thoughts. Now I am bold, with direct language to demand your business.

Magn. Our business, Fair-one, is; we are ambitious to submit ourselves to your Tuition, and enter here as Scholars.

Pres. Say ye so? Then I in the Madams name, pronounce your Welcome: Pray, enter.

Exeunt.

All 1. Scen. 6.

Enter Lucifer in the dress of the Jesuits here, and Lucifuge as his Page.

Lucifer. My Charge sits heavy on my heart; but I must amand it to execution: The grand Machin by which the world wheels towards me, is; when the leading Clerks abandon candor, plain-dealing, and simplicity, and evade profoundly hypocritical. For they governing others as the Shrubs of people, by virtue of the reve-

rent opinion which men have traditionally received, concerning their Power, Holiness, Abilities, draw them like inferior wheels into a combination and *subordination*, conformably to their Ends. The Habit I wear, is the Dress of an *English Jesuit*, as he commonly appears in his Country. I will not delegate the acting of the Part, to any: I scarce presume upon my own sufficiency, as equal to the Magisterial height of their Performance: *Page*, Give notice to Madam *Hypocrite*, that I come to take a sensible view of her Scholary, and adopt the ripest of them into my Service. If all things fall pliable, because I greatly covet Honour and Adoration, let me be honour'd before these people with her loudest Musick in my entrance: I follow immediately.

Exit Lucifuge.

No Power so mighty, where there's Lore is Law,

As this of Jesuits. They bold men in awe,

As thought, though falsely, wiser than the rest,

More learned, more Scholastick, and the best

Of mortal men. It follows what what they do

Must have the *Plandis* of all others too.

Loud Musick.

Exit

Fine Allus primi.

Act. 2. Scen. 1.

Enter Fear, and Aristotle Junior.

Fear. **H**AVING orderly perform'd the Injunctions prescrib'd to you according to the Method and Oeconomy of this House, I am order'd, as you have heard,

heard, by Lady Devotion, to render you to the place where I first receiv'd you. We all hope, that you will retain the scarlet Dye wherewith you are imbued: Besides, it is our order, that as we sing the *Innoce* of him that enters, so we give a Musical Farewel to him agreeably in his dismission. I take my leave, and leave you to your attention.

Exit Fear.

Arif. I am humbly thankful.

A Song.

Scholar: although you do depart,
Carry us with you in your heart.
Far after praise: Have a care
That you remember who you are,
What you have learn'd, and how you may
Stand ever steadfast in the way,
Which we have taught: Those gradual stairs
Will prais'd, will adorn your hairs
When white with Age, and bring your head
With felicity to your earthy Bed.

Then will the joyful Angels Three
Then will the joyful Angels sing, one after another
Then will the joyful Angels

And with their Song, of triumph greet you.

Then will the joyful Angels
Then will the joyful Angels
Then will the joyful Angels

Welcom' our endless Holyday.

Snares will be laid on every side:
Be sure that P.udence be your guide
In all your motions. Look before
You place your foot on any shore,
In every place the Net is near:
It will be needful what you fear,
In every place Hypocrite
Seeming far off, is then most nigh
In real Truth. By a tight line
You shall attain to things Divine,

Then will the joyful Angels—

The real Good must first be known,

Then the apparent is discern'd

Evil compleatly, and offend

To Virtues crown as innocent

In perfect Morals. When you see

The first approaches of a Lie,

Serp back, then flee for Virtues sake,

As if you had trod upon a Snake.

Go on with Courage: and your youth

As with a Gemme, enrich with Truth.

Then will the joyful Angels—

Arif. The blessed Angels confest here: Yea Heaven it self is transfigured thither: Nothing sublunary is more divine: I owe my true life, and all that is consequent to it, to this place: I must now think my self the luth, and least, and lowest of all men: Speak in the abstract from the Lists, Lines, and Limits of all Hypocrite; and set agreeably to the Commutations and Distributions of Aristotelical Justice: It remains, that I wait continually the falling of the Dew: The Shell wherein the Orient Pearl is born, opens it self towards Heaven, begging as it were, one clean drop of prolific and procreating Dew: which having obtained, it presently shuts, keeps the doer against all outward things, and secretly transforms and ripens that heavenly drop into a precious Mintage. May all my Reason owns, hereafter show The Orient Pearl born of Celestial Dew.

Exit.

All. Scene 2.

Enter Lucifer as a Jesuit, Madam

Hypocrite, Pretty, Lucifuge.

Lucifer. Devotion has been long siling and punishing him: Madam, you must needs intend and bend your utmost skill to reduce him.

C

Hyp.

Hyp. Sir, I shall walk up close to what your Commands impose upon me: I will not lag behind them, if my power fails not, and except I be arrested by necessity.

Lucifer. Devotion in all her aims drives at this, to bring you and your Art and Power to nothing. A thing will run away through many changes, and put on many strange shapes if the Chymist or Alchymist pursues it, and endeavours the reduction of it to nothing: This way he comes: I will be near in ambush, that if your Plot flings and hang down the head, I may discharge my strongest Machin upon him. *Lucifuga*, Wait you invisibly at his Elbow, on his heart-side.

Lucifug. Sir, I will have him on the left side, the right side, the wrong-side, the inside, the out-side, the fore-side, the back-side, every side. *Exit Lucifer.*

Hyp. Pretty, Let us now sweetly touch all the most Musical strings of Hypocrisy.

Pratt. Madam, *Pretty* will do all things handsomly.

Enter Aristotle Junior.

Hyp. Maid, durst I be angry, I would chide you.

Pratt. Madam, durst I be stubborn or proud, I would excuse my fault: yet, prompted from within, I humbly say, that when I omitted my duty towards you, I was otherwise busied.

Hyp. How mean you busied?

Pratt. I am very loath to answer, lest I should seem vain.

Hyp. I charge you, answer me.

Pratt. It comes with loaden heels from my own mouth. In the contemplation of heavenly things.

Hyp. I forgive you. Thou art as virtuous as fair.

Pratt. Now Madam, durst I be angry, I

would chide you.

Hyp. Why, prythee?

Pratt. You call me virtuous: a name which unbecomes you to badge me with, or me to bear assigned to my self without a deluge of tears. O Madam, what have you done?

Hyp. Amiss, dear Maid: I can mingle an Ocean of Tears with your Deluge, in expiation of my Crime: Forgive me Maid.

Pratt. Forgive me, Madam.

Hyp. Your ear: *Pretty*, Dost thou aft the Crocodile best now, or I?

Pratt. Both are as like to the Crocodile as the Crocodile is like to himself: All Preambles to the devouring of this Scholar.

Hyp. Let's change the Humour: Maid, where shall we select and pick forth a Meditation for the present?

Pratt. We have Matter enough every where, Madam. Those two Turtles that stand billing yonder, are an Embleme of chaste Love.

Hyp. A most happy Subject: Let's part a little, and retreat inwardly. *They walk apart.*

Arist. I have discovered their several glances towards me: *Prudent*, assist me further. Yonder pretty party-colour'd Adder, watching in the greenest grass, is truly emblematical to me: I like not these affected Pageants of Devotion, these painted Sepulchers, these Dughills cover'd with Snow as with a fair sheet. Devotion in the Majesty and Royalty of it, is inward: In the outside, 'tis like a modest face, abus'd if painted: The more sublime the Star is, it appears the lesser: Deep waters are silent: The rich Bars of Corn, and the Boughs heavy-laden with fruit, bow and humble their heads towards the earth that bears them. Chaffe and Straw ride upon the

the *Superficies* of the waters to be seen, when heavy things sink, hide, and conceal themselves: The Silk-worm folds up and houses it self in the little Ball of Silk which it makes, and that from its inwards: Gold is modest in its shining: Jewels, though shining, are small: The Ayr is that by which *ut medium diaphanum*, all things here are seen, but the Ayr it self is not seen. The Empyrean Heaven, though so shining, that it is able to make a continual day amongst us, is hidden: *Nihil in mari eminent præter saxa*: Nothing holds up the head at Sea, but Rocks. The Sun declining, the shadowes encrease: *Cernendi vis in albugine sua non est*: the white of the Eye sees not. The Seminal and Medicinal Vertues are inward: The Soul is invisible.

Enter a Beggar, leaning upon his Crutches.

Begg. Good Mistress, assist with your Charity a poor, old, lame man.

Hyp. A poor man. A meditation of chaste Love, is agreeably *perfelt* by the practise of Charity: Old man, I am tender-ear'd: You must not beg of me twice at the same time. Because you are poor, I give you this; because you are old, this; and this, because you are lame.

Pratt. Ala's poor man! I have no worldly goods to give you: I am a Servant. Yet, because you are poor, I give you readiness of good-will, and compassion; because you are old, and suburb'd near your grave, you shall partake of my best Devotions: and because you are lame, I give you tears, weep over you, cry with you.

Beg. God bless you both, good Mistresses I thank you.

Exit Beggar.

Ariff. Methinks, this Charity is too full of words, too *circumstantial*.

Enter a Bagpiper. He plays.

Hyp. O prophane! This is the Musick of the Bear-Garden, and of the Countrey-Alehouse: not heavenly Musick: Maid, chide him hence.

Pratt. Depart, O thou prophane Person.

Hyp. Desist: It may be this is his way of begging. Sometimes the poor call at the doors of rich men after this Piping manner: Give him this Alms.

Pratt. Friend: Madam gives you a liberal Almes. He both plaies and dances now. He doubles his Prophaneness.

Hyp. Let him alone. Having receiv'd a large Almes, the poor man is overjoy'd. We may stop our ears, and look another way.

After a little while exit.

Ariff. In rich-furred beasts their Cases are far better than their Bodies: and in the Cinnamon-Tree the Bark is much dearer than the Bulk: *Suavis oles flos, cum folia nihil oleant*: The Flower is more sweet-scented, where the Leaves cannot be sented, as in the Violet, the Rose, scarlet, purple, or the fine crimson Violet, is a royal Cloath, not by reason of the Wool but the Dye: In our actions the Byas wheels the other way. These hypocritical Juggles are execrable in themselves, and adverse to me: I cannot endure the presentation of them longer.

Enter Lucifer.

Lucifer. Now the grand Genius of our Society be propitious, or I forfeit my much desired Prey. Honour'd Sir, what do you here? This Woman is no futable Consort for you. Madam, I know you, and your fair Fairy Waiting-maid. Quit the Place.

Exeunt Hypocrite and Pratty.

Sir, This was Madam Hypocrite, her own

and very self; and the other was her acting Girl, her play-maid.

Arist. I divin'd some such thing: Truly Sir, whosoever you are, I have a reserve of Honour for you as you profess against Hypocrisy. But pray Sir, let not my question be unpardonable: who are you?

Lu. I am forsooth, a Father of the Society. You see forsooth, what Swarms of Schismatics we have in these parts; and how forsooth, that in all Meetings scarce two men appear, as the Schools speak, of the same *numerical* Judgment. Forsooth, the Truth is, the Nation is like a Forrest on the Coasts of *Barbary*; where every Beast proudly forrigheth for himself according to the latitude of his strength, and combats with every living thing he comes near, either upon the account of Offence or Defence: So that forsooth, this may truly be called, and in civil terms, as the Civilians speak, *Religio Deserti*, the Religion of the Forrest or Wilderness, or the wild Boar's and Bear's Religion.

Arist. Sir, I find you are knowing: Either I subscribe to your Discourse: And indeed I would steer any Discourse, that I might be set in as much distance from Hypocrisy as the Globe of the earth would permit. But you know how harshly and untuneably change sounds in the ears of all men.

Lu. Pray forsooth, courteously lend an ear: Then only Change is a Defect, when it is opposite or false cross to the well-being or *perfection* of the thing changed, and is in some kind a degradation of it: This is forsooth, as the Rhetoricians speak, *ipsa luce lucidius*, clearer than the light or Sun: because the Heavens and heavenly Bodies are incessantly changed in their motions: We are changed for the better in our growings outward and inward: Every season of the year revels, and causes many changes

in the world: which forsooth, cannot be imputed to the things changed as defects, but adhere to them as legitimate *perfections* of their Natures and Beings.

Arist. Holy Sir, I do most highly value your Holiness, and your Learning: and humbly require of you more particular Information.

Lucifer. Child, give me leave, forsooth, to call you so: For now forsooth, you are, and shall be my Ghostly Child: I see forsooth, you are ingenious. I will send you first to *Flanders*; afterwards to *Spain*; then to *Italy*; to sublimize and heighten your Learning and Experience; and that you may learn the Arts and Sciences where they are best taught. More of this betwixt us in private.

Exit.

Lucifer. The Field is ours: We have at last wrought him to us: Open Hypocrisy, Scrumpet-like, is too palpable. I am now visible to you.

The Stratagem is then exalted high,
When th' Hypocrite reviles Hypocrisy.

Exit.

Act 2. Scene 3.

Enter *Agrippa*.

Agrip. I have bound him by Command, and by Promise I myself am bound to secure with my presence the execution. *Anguilla est, elabatur*: If we give him his head, he slips. My Presence will keep him fixt.

Enter an *Orange-Maid*, like those
in the Pit.

What seeks this Maid here? Fie on you; so bold? 'Tis a Spirit: and I must lay it.

Maid. The Affair refers me to you: and you are here.

Agrip. Be thou Spirit, or Flesh, thou hast

hall no part in the Comedy.

Maid. But I have Sir. No long part you would say; but a necessary part I have.

Agrip. Your place is the Pit: and your Business is to wait there.

Maid. And from thence I came.

The Gentlemen there are perplex't and troubled: They complain, that your Jesuit teaches a chief Actor beyond the Seas; and that either your Scene must be preposterously chang'd, or they shall be deprived of the principal Occurrences which happen to him.

Agrip. Neither: by virtue of my first and fundamentl Promise, my power shall bring him hither at due times, to act over again the most remarkable Occurrences: and he shall neither know where he is, nor what befalls him. Return this Answer, with my devoutest Respects.

She waiving forth, and returns.

Maid. I shall. If you will civilly take your leave of me, I shall present you with a Sevil-Orange.

(Lays her.)

Agrip. Is this your custom?

He says.

Exit Maid.

Maid. No, Sir: but it was in my desires to teach you manners.

Agrip. The Matter partly travels: you shall find,

As Friends, all brought before you to your mind.

Exit.

Act 2. Scene 4.

Enter *Lucifer*, *Lucifuge*, *Madam Hypocrite*, *Pratt*, *Mr. Complement*, *Mr. Demure*, *Gaffer Highhouse*, *Galen Junior*, *Ignara*, *Magnifico*, *Sen*, *Senior*, *Signior See*, *Mr. Kickshaw*.

Lucifer. Well, Madam: I have dispatcht my Scholar to St. Omers, you may now en-

ter your whole Tribe. Every one shall receive his Charge, and I will discharge you of their persons. Mr. *Complement*, your charge is, that you sit on fire in the Court: Speak every where of Abuses; and of a singular discerning Spirit; and a Holiness which you have, but others are naked of, as prophane: Turn up the white of your eye, and shew it, as if that were the outside of your Soul, according to the Naturalist, *Præfata in oculis animarum inhabitat*; truly the Soul dwells in the eyes: Draw every word through your Nose, as if it pass through a middle sort of crack't Organ-Pipe: and lift up your hands towards that which scrupulous men call Heaven, and close them when they are extended, as if you had fast hold of Heaven. Pretend alwaies like an Apron in the first onset, true things, and such as are in use with holy men: those delude irresistibly: The people regard not the tayl of the Business: The Snake having pass't his head, draws his body after him into the Faction. Tell the people, that by how much an Element is more near to Heaven, it is by so much the more pure; Active, noble: that the Water is more pure than the Earth, the Air than the Water; and Elementary Fire than the Air: That the higher the Air is, it is the purer still, and more subtile: That in a Limbeck the things of greatest purity and vertue, are sublimed, that is, bath to the top of the Limbeck; the drossy matter falls. Let there be a new shap't Achates in every period. It is not necessary, that one experiencing if Sea-water be salt, should drink up the whole Sea: nor that I should foot it over every particular: your own Genius will direct you forward. There is no more excellent manner of cozening and guiling the simple Herd of people, than with the specious Mantle of Religion, because Religion out-powers and overwaies all in mankind.

markind. Mr. *Demars*, and Gaffer *High-shoots* you for the City, and you for the Countrey, are charged accordingly. *Galen junior*, when you are call'd to sick persons, and find that their sicknesses lay close siege to their bodies; first prepare them by some eloquent Preamble. Say, if you see the water in a calm Sea troubled, and rise high into the Ayre, take heed, there's a Whirl near. Turn it homewards thus; Sicknes's disturbing so highly the peace and tranquillity of the Body, Death is imminent. Then make reverend mention of the Society, and recount the numerous Conversions that we have wrought in the world, and press it home to their Consciences, that they leave us honourable Legacies according to their Conditions, yea though they beggar and leave succourless their own dear children: We are not their Heirs at Common Law, but upon a higher account: Tell them, otherwise they are near to a Gulf, a Precipice: Then while the Iron is hot, and upon the Anvile, send for us. If need urge, we shall use you in Deleterious, vulgarly call'd poysons, when we prosecute a pious End. But if any of our holy Society be sick, they pay you not, because they pray for you: The Prayers of the Society are above price, and cannot be valued. *Ignara*, you must wire-bind and enchain your self to the common Rabble in the Decisions of Law-cases: affect the names of popular and Patriot: desert noble Interests, though never so just: and though you take Fees on both sides, be sure you herd it with the Rascal Deer; they couch the safest; they are the more numerous, and clamorous. If any case offer it self, wherein the religious profit and emolument of the Society is involv'd, take all shapes, as the *Cannibals* at Land, the *Polyps* in the sea; all colours, as the *Tar-rant* in the Garden; before you let your Cuisse fall: Regard not the poor stand-

ing in competition with us; in balance with us, they are the *German* Bishops Rates: We are poor, and entangled in debt; though in truth we were never yet acquainted with debt; that's our Presence, enfranchised, guided and guarded with a religious Equivocation; as far as you know to the contrary, we are in debt. *Magnifico*, Your charge is clear: you know your march: *The Word* is enough to a Soldier. My three outlandish Imps, ye must away, each with all expedition to his Country. Your Business wherein ye concenter, is, to debuse and villifie the *English* Nation in all your Discourses, all places: Tell your Countries, that they are a people of degenerous and ungarrison'd Souls, *Ademiss* in understanding; and if they have any, have but a surface-knowledge, and that most paradox to Truth: That they live altogether in Forrests and Caves, and in the white Rocks from which *England* was named *Albion*; and eat raw flesh, and oftentimes the flesh of Children: That they are a timorous and soft-sac'd people, unapt for wars; yea ready to entertain a conquest with most humble submission. Mr. *Ser Senior*, Give your people to understand, that they are the most credulous, and the most noble-soul'd Nation of all others: That if at any time they design another Armado for *England*, they take a special care they do not provide such an other holy Nun to give a solemn blessing to it; she was afterwards solemnly prov'd to be a Witch. Pray them, that when they wack their false Miracles, they will carry their hands, and their invisible juggling-Hair more covertly and cleverly: The falshood of some these times, hath been Chrystal-clear in the view of Reason: the most learned Laureat's of *Spain* it self, were confounded in the sight of them; and the Treason it self was angry, because they were not acted with
more

more nimbleness. Tell them, their most prophane and bawdy Comedies in their Processions on their greatest dayes, are not convenient. I cannot be infinite. Commend my brotherly Respects to Father *Escher* at *Valadolid*: Tell him, his *Morals* thrive wonderfully: The *Mysteries of Jesuitisme* is little available against them: they have overturn'd all Law, Right, Honesty, and deified the Jesuit, made him the great God of Nature, all cases of Conscience answering, turning, and returning to him, whereas they should return, turn, and answer to him above. Mr. *Signior See*, Recommend my most humble Vassallage to the grand Signior at *Rome*: Pray his Holiness, that there be sudden provision by pension made here, for the poorer and stub'd sort of Priests; they are in the *Americana* to a falling condition: Ascertain to him, that some of the most active and unquiet Spirits amongst them, have taken Pensions here, to discover the Mysterious Intensions and Actions of *Rome* and *Spain*, and at the same time, the very very same, have remain'd pension'd by his Holiness to betray the Affairs of their own Country to him: Inasmuch that of late, one of them betray'd and beheaden'd in the *Cops* at a Tavern, and his Friend desiring to depart, said with Cy-nick Modesty, Scay, Friend, the Pope and the Rebel in *England* (he nam'd him) shall pay for all: Fall not to lay this at his Holiness his Feet when you kiss them. We of the Society are glowed by a particular view of Obedience to his Holiness: It was the Wisdom of our Patron did it, that our advancements might be joyfully conserved: our Interest is closely twisted and pleased with his. Signifie so his Holiness, that his wicked Priests get Bastards apoe here; and then, having been owendooters, and owendoot themselves, pretend to be only Overseers to the Children: So far forth, that

one being demanded why he know'd it for a Bastard, defended his Act and Monument scholastically with *Aristotles* *Ipse dixit*; who saies, that then a living thing is perfect, *quand' generat sibi simile in Natura*, when it begets a like to it self in Nature. Pray him to keep the Richin if not the reason, and uphold constantly the *Jews* and the *Serws*; that we may have more honourable Examples of Jewish women turn'd Christians, to the end they may turn whores; which amongst the *Jews* is highly punishable. Tell him likewise that false Miracles are greatly advantageous to the Cause, if they be done as the *Roman* School-men speak, *est non casta, tamen casta*; although not chastly and truly, yet warily to prevent scandal; wherein our own Honour is more consider'd, than the Honour of him who is most honourable. Mention *Kirkshaw*; Load and physick this Nation as far as possibly you can, with the pretty Muld-sack or *Dun Quack*; of your new Fashions: And as old *Rome* did abound with the gods of all the Countreys they conquer'd, introduce the *Bollies* and *Dolleries* of all the world hither: That best suits with you, that have the best name in the superlative degree: And still widdraw the people here, with foretelling and diversing their Trade. Forgive my length: My Matter, like an Ocean, had I given way, had over-tow'd me. Let's privately rejoyce a while, as *Witches* have their private Revellings, and then we'll take our Leaves.

Hyp. Most gladly, Reverend Father.

They Dance.

Reverend Father, they all crave your holy Benediction, in lieu of a choice *Vinicum* before they depart.

Lucifer. O, I give it most willingly. Go, my Children, and may your Foreheads be as rails of *Corinthian* Bricks, and may your

Heu-fame.

And lead all Europe. *Exeunt all the*

Scholars.

Midam, In certain concurrences of particulars, to prevent suspicion, I shall need a Lady to sustain the person of my Wife: Therefore to palliate my own Person, I retain you and your Maid.

My. You honour us, Reverend Father.

He whispers to his Page.

Exeunt.

Act 2^d Scene 3.

Enter my Lord Liberal, and Mrs. Dr. rathly his Niece.

L. Lib. Sweet Niece, unhinge your heart from this low-orb'd Religion of Popery, which thus impends both your Soul and Body.

Dr. My Lord, I cannot. All which that Religion proposes, goes parallel with the most pure, chaste, and refined Truths. If you do not relinquish me to my own liberty, I shall weep, until I have not another little drop to spare in my eyes as wanting strength to follow the rest.

L. Lib. What a deep-wrought and rooted Delusion is this? If Ignorance hath not uncoyn'd your Soul, and rendered you unreasonably tenacious of your own Judgment; If your heart be not in a total Eclipse and Epilepsy by the vigorous reverberations of self-Opinion, you will look it there, that all your noble friends are otherwise devoted.

Dr. My Friends are not competent Prefidents to me for the carriage of my own heart. Noble Uncle, If you take me off from this divine foundation, I shall ever be in a rolling condition, ever like a floating Island, or the Sea-weed; and never securely know where to take or keep root.

L. Lib. They are the Jesuits that have done this: they have out-charm'd their

Talents; led them through all the Meanders and Labyrinths of Herour, and itated them incompatible and inconsistent with Truth. Dear Cousin, I pity you; you have taken a wandering Star for the Pole.

Dr. Noble Sir, you borrow your name from the Nobleness of our Family: I conjure you by all the lineal and collateral descendants of it, to allow the liberty of Conscience.

L. Lib. I may not: My Conscience swears the other way. You want nothing. No Pleasures are denied to you; of which my House flows with Variety. you are in the Misty way to peace of mind, if you can bend your heart to walk in it.

Dr. There is no peace without the quiet enjoyment and exercise of Religion.

Enter Lucifer.

Lucif. Madam, I belong to a most Reverend Father of the Society, to whom your most distressed condition is made known. He will be here quickly, and you may have the benefit of Confession.

Dr. Dear Boy, that cannot be; I am not permitted to speak with any person in private.

Lucif. Madam, the Father is wise: hee'll find a way.

L. Lib. Poor Girl! I bleed inwardly for her: Before she fell into this Trance, her Soul was engaged and engaged like a Bird of Paradise in a pure Body; like the Bird which the *Indians* call in their Language *Mamie Diana*, *Avicula Dei*, the little Bird of God, because it is never seen on the ground, but dead: She was dress'd modestly, and like one of the Sister-hood: Now her hair is mathematically trim'd, curl'd figure-fashion, and with exquisite Artifice woven into Nets and Snarers.

Howsoever

Howsoever her heart is qualified, she hath more of the world upon her back, than formerly. It is a noxious folly, to be proud of a rich Scarf holding up a lame Arm, or of a gay Garment covering our Nakedness. *Especially* the Spanish Jesuit hath open'd a broad way to these loose and heathenish Dresses. O the Jesuits! Surgeons are modest-handed, wary, and soft in their touches, but Murderers care not where they strike, cut, wound. What's he? A little Devil. Cozen, are you a Witch too? Do you deal with the Devil and all? What are you, Sirrah? Whence came you? and to whom do you pertain?

Dw. Good my Lord, Speak not so much beneath your Blood and Education. It is a Blackmore Boy: Do not such obtrude themselves to us every day in the Streets?

L. Lib. O Cozen: the Jesuits have bewitch'd your Affections: and the Will being surpris'd with a Passion (be it Love, Anger, or any other) the Understanding in a Soul divested of Prudence, easily condescends, and represents all things of the same colour, the same dimensions with the passion. Troubled water renders not the Sun-beams, though most right and pure in themselves, but distorted. The Chrytaline humour wherein the visive power is Queen Regent, is colour'd. Winnow and sift your heart, to find and single out that which threw you into this Abyss. He that falls into the water by the breaking of the Ice, must rise where he fell, or he is lost beyond recovery.

Dw. My Lord, I am your Votary, but I am grounded; I stick close to my Root.

L. Lib. Pray come up to my Proposals: I will send for one who shall free the Honour of all our Doctrines, which your fancy either from the multiplying or extenuating Glass, misshapen to you.

Dw. Your Lordship may send for him,

but I shall not entertain him: He will be as unwelcome unto me as a Spectre.

L. Lib. Then let some of your own Learned Acquaintance be call'd, to plain as with a Roller, a Cylinder, the way before you: or, be your own Physician: Cozen, clean the Gold and keep it: Select the Gold, and throw aside the drossie part: and amongst other things you find, find your Errour: You see, sweet Cozen, that I desire to descend into your heart gently, as the Sun-beams into a Chamber through the window, without opening the Casement, or breaking the Glass.

Dw. My Lord, you miscenter your hopes. Your Lordship will never be able to pull the Thorn of scruple out of my Conscience. Good my Lord, surrender me to my Meditations. Solitariness is my best Companion.

L. Lib. I do, but with some kind of Regret. *Exit L. Liberal.*

Dw. We who are upon the earth, determining and sentencing from the verdict of Sense, fancy, at the least in our first Apprehensions, these things below to be great, and the glorious and shining Bodies above, to be small: If we were advanced to the place where the Stars are, these things would appear to us very small, if seen at all, and those would shew themselves: It sticks in the narrowness of my mouth; I put it over to my thought. O the littleness and vileness of these inferior things! In natural things, the higher the Sun mounts, the less shadows it casts: and in artificial things, the Pyramid ascending higher and higher, is lesser still and lesser: So manner'd ought we to be in our outward deportment.

Enter *Lucifuga*, and one like an Angel.

Lucif. Act it to the life now, and you fasten here. A young Maid believes and loves with equal readiness. *Exit Lucif.*

Agg. *Maid:* Heaven grows you: I come not to way-lay your Devotions, but to raise and perpetuate them. Let not your Urkle with his out-wrest: persuasions lay or alhy your Zeal. Hereticks are mercies, Iron-breasted, Rock-hearted, and people of hardness and petrified Bowels: There is no seed, no-sowth of Mercy in the n; only perhaps now and then certain atreptitious emications and Star-twincklings of natural, moral, and old-Roman tenderness. If any of these, walking in the painted Galleries of their Imagination, fancy they do works of mercy, when they do thus and thus because others have done so and so before them, they miscarry; For their Mercy is as their Belief; is belepet'd by it; and the stream cannot be cleane, clearer, higher than the Fountain, or the Branch purer and more generous than the Root. The Mignetrisme of Piety hath wrought upon you; and the *Torpedo* and *Remora*, the World and Heresie, the Devils Factors, should set no farther by their sacred Influx upon your Breast: You have given your Faith to the Firmament, and you must not follow in the train of the Planets; shut is, move on, and retreat in the same Line; and in going forward besometimes periodical and stationary. You are Heaven-fair: beware of sublimity Divinity. Relapses are dangerous: because Nature after a sickness is unarm'd, and less unable to resist their Assaults. You must pass as a beloved Mirrour of Patience, through all the Topicks and Tackicks of Affliction: which like *Galileus* his Glass, brings most remote things near to you.

Fear not: He that exhorts to what you do,

Joyns two in one, exhorts and praises too. *Exit.*

Dev. I am scarce yet recollected. O how for an eye-cataclysm, till I go to the place where this Angel dwells, by water in mine own Tears.

Religion that calls Angels from above,

Shewes the divinest Intercourse of Love. *Exit Divuly.*

Act 2. Scene 6.

Enter *Agrippa*.

Agg. I present my self now, that I may begin to fall quadrate or into a quadrilateral Corner with my promise. I have brought St. *Omers* hither; Here you shall see decipher'd and shadow'd what was there actually and substantially done; We will not miss in an Hebrew Point or Tittle of Truth. I should afterwards translate our Scholar hither from *Spain*, but I cannot: Time out-runs us. Where our Matter is infinite, we must circumscribe our selves. Howsoever, as in the turning of an Artificial Globe, new Shapes and Figures continually appear, so Changes and Varieties encounter you continually. The Poet hath encharg'd upon us to make hast, or you would see nothing answerable to such a vast Orb of Matter. *Exit.*

Aristotle Junior, in a Chaire.

Arist. The Jesuits here have set me under Lock and Key, and curtain'd all the Windows. I have no benefit of Light, but in one corner, where a little Ray peeps in upon a Picture. And the Picture represents the *Hollander's* as having taken a Ship, wherein were many Jesuits, and thrown them

them overboard into the Sea; but in vain, for the Jesuits lie all upon the Surface of the water, with their faces looking comfortably towards Heaven, and cannot sink, but are all sustain'd by Miracles: Is it strange that the Jesuits being men so mighty in worth, should now be so light, and not worth their weight either in Gold or ought else. I hear likewise, that they use dark Chambers, and Pictures presenting Homicides, to sad and tragical ends: It is whisper'd by their own Pupils here, This my present Employment they call their *exercis*: And it was impos'd upon me in my entrance, to search my Inwards whether I have a Call to be a Jesuit or no. I do not like these quotidian and ubiquitous Miracles; nor this warping of divine things to self-ends. Hypocritise haunts me still: The Picture, Image, or the Representation in a Looking-glass, that shews a Face less than it is, may happily be like the Face it shews, and symmetrical with it; but the Representation, Image, or Picture that swells up the Face, and allows it greater, except it be wrought so for the suppliance of what is lost by distance, attempts above it self, is monstrous, and cannot be like its Archetype; because Proportion is retain'd in Representations which are lesser than the life, but in such as are greater, the Composition is disproportion'd, and the Proportion scatter'd.

He opens the Lock.

Enter Father Wallis, a Jesuit, in his Habit.

F. Wallis. I wish forsooth all happiness to you: Child, how fise you forsooth in your heavenly Meditations? I have brought you a Relick here of most high consideration; a Feather forsooth of the wing of an Arch-Angel. Look not upon it but with due reverence.

Arif. Father forsooth, my Meditations gain and win much upon me: But when I was a *Cambrigion*, as having been matriculated in that University, my Master taught me that Angels were *immaterial* and *immaterial*; and that they appear in the shapes of young men, to signify their strength, virtue, and power, and that they are wing'd in the Picture, to set in view their readiness and quickness in their moving from one place to another.

F. Wallis. Your *Cambrigions* forsooth, are fallen as from Religion, so from Learning. We of the Society are *Arifists*, *Arifists*, & *Heretic Literatum*, the most learned of all the world.

Arif. This is a Feather from a *West-Indian* Bird, which the good Father would entitle to Heaven.

F. Wallis. And Child forsooth, how stand you affected to our Vocation?

Arif. Father, I have a special observance for your Order (I must speak here after this *Direct*) but I desire to be more experience-proof, before I determine upon a settlement.

F. Wallis. Child forsooth, you fear want perhaps, because we are vow'd away to poverty. We have alwaies a secular Priest attending upon us, that purchases Land for us in his own name.

Arif. And is not this Hypocritise, which put me upon the wing, and engaged me to fly out of England?

F. Wallis. Besides, we of the *English* Society, have a Ship that trades between *London* and *Flanders*; in the which we continually receive and return the best Goods at the best advantage: and we in these parts, receive ten thousand Pounds in ready coyn every year out of *England*. You stand upon a broad bottom, if you joyn with us: We are above him that wrote, *Ego & Rex sum*: I and my King: Emperours, Kings,

Princes, Cardinals, Dukes, Generals of Armies by Land and Sea, fear us, and therefore court us: We are furnished with secret Engines, able with ease to subdue them and their Families: The Pope himself in the traverse of the Business, is our Vassal: he loves us outwardly above all others, because he inwardly fears us more than he fears all others. If any Cardinal or other person grow into a Favourite, we send from some part of the world, one of our Order that is allied to him, to reside near him in his Orb, and maintain him ours. No Prince in the world feeds fuller and higher than we, if you consider Nature in

her ordinary Demands: Be ours Child, and we will hugg thee thus, and thus.

Arist. Father, I am yours: though not declaratively, yet affectionately: I humbly desire to remain free a while.

F. Wallis. Be it so. You are ours then, in Affection, not in present manifestation, implicitly, not explicitly, as the Schoolmen speak. Forsooth, I set you free. I forsooth, will call a Council of our Fathers, who shall dispose of you *ad melius esse*, that you may return to us in the Rebound. *[Exeunt.]*

Fine Actus Secundus.

Act. 3. Scen. 1.

Enter Lucifer, and Lucifuga.

Lucifer. **N**OW the many-wit'd Plot works. My Engineers from the School of Vain-Glory, have wild-fir'd all Places. The Souldier shines gloriously in the Field under my Standard: The Lawyer tongues it nimbly at the Bar in my Cause: The Physician gains upon dying people, and extorts Moneys and Gifts to foment the Combustion: The Prescher is altogether declamatory and fulminating against mine and his Enemies. The Courtier, Citizen, Countreyman nobly maintain their Triangle. My Out-landers have spurred up the Spirits of neighbouring Nations, from the earth into the ayre, where they fly like the Vulture hovering over the Lion and the wild-Boar in their combings, as hoping to devour the Carcasses of both. In this Tropick of things, I have

seared the Provincial of our Society here with his Council, in a Noble House near to London-Wall; whence they dispatch every day the most nimble-witted Members of our Society, into the Conventicles, and Army. When the people are pull'd up by the root from Religion, they must needs fall back upon ours.

Enter Madam Vain-Glory, and Pretty.

Come, come: Are ye fix'd in all Points?

Pretty. We are, Most Reverend Father.

Lucifer. Thou and thy Maid look as innocently as a placid and fair Child pressing the Tear. Let's away. *[Exeunt.]*

Act 3. Scene 2.

Enter Lord Liberal, Sr. John Wit-little,
Mrs. Dorothy.

L. Lib. Come, *Sr. John Wit-little*; This is alwaies the merriest day of the week with us; though indeed wirth cannot well attemper it self to these new-born Troubles: but we hope the storm will not long rage, it is so violent. The Transfission in Musick from a Discord to a Concord, is very sweet: from a Concord to a Discord, harsh and unpleasant.

Sr. John. My Lord: I could wish you would conclude a final and happy Concord betwixt me and Mrs. Dorothy.

Der. That will never be concluded, *Sr. John Wit-little*.

Sr. John. And pray, why, fair Mrs. Dorothy?

Der. Because you are *Sr. John Wit-little*.

Sr. John. I am sure, there is not only Wit-little, but also little Wit in that Answer.

L. Lib. Let her be as free as Ay in her Speeches: you shall have her in the Exit of the Business.

Der. But he shall never hold her.

Sr. John. Mrs. Dorothy, it will be your securest way to take me. I'll be a Papist or Atheist or any thing to please you.

Der. You have not understanding enough to be a Papist, nor sufficient Wit to be an Atheist.

Sr. John. I have understanding enough, to adore you as my Saint, wit enough to worship you as my Image.

Der. Fie, fie, *Sr. John*; You are prophane.

Sr. John. I will not be prophane to please you; and to please you, I will be prophane again; if you please, that I will.

L. Lib. *Sr. John*, Let her abound in her

own sense.

Sr. John. Sense! I am almost in a mind, she's deprived of all her Senses, that cannot see, nor hear, nor smell, nor taste nor touch enough in me to make her love me: Madam, Speak punctually, and to the Needle's point, Will you have me?

Der. I shall then speak sharply: No.

Sr. John. Why then, I'll marry thy Wit.

Der. *Sr. John*, you must first find another Wit to match it.

Sr. John. Must I, whether I can or no?

Enter *Lucifer*, *Madam Hypocrisis*, *Pray*,
Lucifuga.

Lucifer. Wher's this Noble Lord, whose nature so perfectly consorts with his name? and who is so large-handed and boundless in his Entertainments, the Lord *Liberal*?

L. Lib. Sir, I am the Master of this Place.

Lucifer. In a good and auspicious hour you speak it: My Lord, we understood, that this was your weekly day of Jollity, and I was bold to bring my wife in my hand with me, that we might give up the rich experience of your Noble Entertainment.

L. Lib. Ye are welcom. This can be no Priest or Jesuit, he has a Wife. We stand out of the Gun-shot of danger. Sir, our Manner and Oeconomy is, first to dance, and then to banquet. We excuse no Gentle Person that enters.

Lucifer. My Lord, I run all honourable hazards among Friends.

Pray, Madam, This is a good man; as they are call'd, a Priest, and Father of the Society: now time and opportunity invite you to Confession.

Der.

The Pragmatical Jesuit

Der. But I want the coveniency of
vacy.

Vaing, Madam, you may do it in the
Dance: It hath been practis'd by the
Learn'd Society in case of Necessity.

Der. I thank you: I shall not fail to im-
brace the present occasion.

L. Lib. Come, Gentlemen, and Ladies,
fort your selves.

In the Dance she meets him often, often
turns with him, and lays her mouth
to his ear. In the end of the dance she
gives him Gold.

Lucifer. This is a Child worth Gold:
Her hand was double-pay'd with twenty
Shilling Pieces. This Golden Girl must
not be neglected: Give her notice, that I
will visit her often: the manner thus.

L. Lib. Friends, and Strangers, the
Banquet attends you mickle.

The Singing Cöbler in his Shop at work.

Cöbl. In eighty eight (mark well my Song.)

The Spaniards were so bold as

They came with an Armada strong

To kill both young and old as

They brought their Sun, do, Guns, Pikes, and

To make us all confess as

Our hidden Gold, to load their Ships,

Then kill us as we help as

Take heed, poor Spaniards, stay and wife,

The master's not your Friend as

Te will be used as ye use,

If you wish us content as

This sailing, Jesuits said a Plea,

To blow up Parliament as

A thing can never be forgot,

That was so bloody when as

They thought to raise us all above,

And send us i' Heaven flying a

But we it seems do them service

Here miserably dying as

Take heed, poor Jesuits, stay and wife,

The Fire is not your Friend as

Te will be used as ye use,

If you wish us content as

As length all Devils become for sale,

So France with Spies and Lies as

That they may catch the main road,

And hideous Goals of Devils as

They better in the Court as

And London's justice as

To make the minds of men so sick,

As they can't see the main road,

Take heed, poor Jesuits, stay and wife,

The Field is not your Friend as

Te will be used as ye use,

If you wish us content as

Enter Lucifer and Lucifer's

Lucifer. Sir, a Paravent having received

Information that you are a Jesuit, pusses

you near at hand: You are visible, though

I am not.

Lucifer. Inspire me, thou quodlibetical

Spirit of our Society:

Lucifer. Sir: You must be as quick as

Lightning: be it very near: I almost see

his shadow.

Lucifer. What shop is that?

Lucifer. A Cobler's: they call him the

singing Cöbler, and most commonly his

Songs inveigh against the Papists.

Lucifer. Friend, There's an Angel for

thee, lend me thy Apron, Caps, and Tools;

and stand thou aside a little: I am in dan-

ger to be arrested.

Alas poor Gentleman!

He sings.

Lucifer. The English Monks are merry men,

They drink till they are dry as

They

They laugh at the poor women that will
 follow you: then Charity a time to you
 The Pursuant passes with a Constable.

They are drunk they cannot say, and they
 say: Their Purses in the Quiver; and when
 So drunk they cannot find the way,
 From Dinner to the Fire at
 Yet Mankind forsake, reform your lives,
 Leave Cups of crimson, and men wives.

And brother Mankind go a day or two
 Good Father Elphinstone was so drunk,
 He could not find his Bed at
 Beneath his Bedstead where he found
 I, There lay all night and that a
 Poor Boniface strong water says,
 This is four times a day,
 Until I was offend his Cup.

Be carried drunk as you
 To drink forsooth

These Men's ambitions to be rich,
 Do silver falsify at
 How all beneath this common itch
 These that you Poverty a
 In public they look like their Sables
 They would be all kneeling a
 In prison, play at Cards and Tables,
 Fight, curse, swear, and go railing at
 To drink forsooth

Are they past beyond ken
 Lucifer. They are
 Lucifer. Friend, Happiness attend you.

Table. Many Thanks to your Worship:
 What pity 'tis, so proper a Gentleman
 should be so used

Enter Agrippa.

Agrip. Gentlemen, I have now cited

Romish her, the Seven Hills and all: whet
 you have seen our Scholar there; my heli
 will be needed; he will presently do his
 own service, and himself return to you. Ob-
 served him, with a near eye; because the
 place is esteem'd as *Caput Orbis*, the Head
 of the world. I am amazed. Exit.

Enter Father Tompson, a Jesuit, and
 Aristotle Junior.

Tomp. Child, forsooth, Approach not
 too near; that Image works Miracles: It
 hath cured the lame and the blind, indeed
 all kinds of Infirmities: and which is most
 miraculously, it hath spoken like one of us.

Arip. Father Tompson, This puts my
 Belief upon the Rack: And I will ingenu-
 ously give you my Reason: because the de-
 vil spoke first in the old heathenish Images,
 and this is far like an apish Imitation of
 the Devil.

Tomp. Pray forsooth, Child, doubt not:
 you must believe it.

Arip. It stands out of the Zodiack of
 Reason, out of the Horizon of Science.

Tomp. Forsooth, so do all Miracles: If
 you were not Aristotle Junior, and a Philo-
 sophical Pygmy, but the Aristotle and a
 Giant amongst Philosophers, you must in-
 creasably believe what we teach you. This
 Backwardness attests to a Dyscrasie in your
 Soul, a Petrolousness in your heart; we may
 not pride it, especially in matters concern-
 ing our adhesion to Religion. Aristotles
 Image in the *Marian*, is more obedient
 than you.

Arip. But less intelligent, Father Tom-
 pson. I put upon me the name of Aristotle
 Junior, only to please, that I was a young
 Aristotles in the University of Cambridge,
 and opposite to the Romish.

Tomp. I see forsooth, that you have Pa-
 radoxes still with reference to the old He-
 retick.

retick in you; We of the Society, in whom Learning and Industry, as necessary searchers into the Languages Oriental and Occidental, the Hierarchy of Liberal Sciences, Arts, and all the rich Armories, Closets, and Cabinets of Knowledge, are met and married, believe it. And I desire, that your heart be *fidus Achates*, a faithful Achates to the Cause you have undertaken.

Arist. And I desire, that solid Truth remain implanted in me. Truly, Father, it was reported in *England* by our Miracle-mongers there, that all the Pictures in a Priests Chamber, the night before he was taken, sweat; and it made me sweat ever after when I thought on't.

Tom. Child forsooth, I fear that you will miscarry hereafter: The Sieve put into the water, is full: Remove the Sieve out of the water, and the water is out of the Sieve. I know not, with what heart you have come amongst us. The *Abyssin* or *Ethiopian* goes into the Bath black, and black returns out of it.

Arist. Father, I did not take up this Religion, as those who were born of Parents steering this way; and agreeably educated; who therefore suck so strongly, that they draw blood in place of Milk, and promiscuously swallow all; because their Friends were all of the same Feather. I embraced it upon a pious and virtuous account. I may as well bring the Astick and the Antartick, the two Poles of the world together, as enforce my heart to dose with impudent Falshood, with fallacy that is pellucid and transparent. You may drop this, if you please, into your own heart like *Arabian Gumme*, and let it congeal and stick there; that your Soul may be there entoom'd, as the Fly or Spider in the Gumme or Amber. My heart will not receive it: May that be alwayes deep-entraid and enamell'd with known truths: I'll tell you, Father;

I saw an Image the other day, that was remov'd with a Procession, to a better lodging, because it wrought infinite Miracles; and the Image was all over most miserably worm-eaten. Me thinks the Power, if it be a good one, that works these wonders with reflection upon the Image, should also preserve the miraculous Image from Rottenness, as from the Common people of Creepers the worms. I speak the Distate of an unbiassed heart; pray interpret all according to the *Algebra* of Candour.

Image. *Charissime fili mi, Crede.*

Tom. It speaks: A Miracle, a Miracle, in a fit time, in its proper season.

Arist. Dear Father, what said it?

Tom. *Charissime fili mi, Crede*; my most dear Child, believe: You believe now, I hope. O, I am rapt, I am in a Trance.

He sits down.

Arist. The good old Father is transport-ed in earnest, or he deeply dissembles. Whosoever thou art, if thou wilt gain me, speak my Language: He cannot. This Image is back-tisled to the Wall: I have read of private doors in the old Paganish Images. *He looks at it.* It is hollow: Who's relub-in there? The Tongue within, cannot speak *English*; and perhaps no more *Latin*. Still I am Pearl-and-Coral-feeding in the bottom of the Sea.

Tom. A Cunning Youth! What a precious Father of the Society would this man make? I will hereafter deal more candidly with him.

Arist. O-Father, I am abundantly satisfied.

Tom. I am abundantly glad of it, my most dear Child; that's your Name now: We consume our selves like Candles, in our giving light unto others.

He bows and goes out.

Enter

Enter a poor man, as possessed.

Arif. Father, what man is this that so strangely varies and multiplies his faces, and Postures?

Tom. It is, my most dear Child, a man possess'd with a Devil: The virtue of the Image works this extravagant effect upon him. But I shall be plain with you: I have something within me; it burns and moves like Thunder in my Breast, and I cannot hold it from you, except I should cry fire. These dirty people that receive Alms under the name of people possess'd with Devils, are most exact Counterfeits: if they were truly possess'd, they would speak all Languages: The Devil is a prime Master of Languages: He is no Alien from any kind of natural Knowledge. The permission of these, and the like, are *pro fratribus*, pious and holy Confessions; Thus Images and Reliques are worshipp'd with a more large measure both of inward and outward Worship. We have here in the Market, Relique-sellers; and they are continually in fee with such a man as this, who by his Mimical, Antick, and Tragical Gestures, reconciles those vendible Reliques with the Belief of the People, before whom they are expos'd to sale. A thing being set like a Pillar, supposed like a Mathematical Principle or Postulate, and granted as undeniably true, we may defend and uphold it by all kind of means.

Arif. But, Father, this is not *in Scholasticis Inquisitum*, as the Schoolmen speak, who always prescribe, that we should proportion the Means to the End, and that *Bonum ex integrâ causâ*, Good is from an entire Cause, is join'd from all admixture of evil.

Tom. My most dear Child: The Books of the ancient Schoolmen are crowded

with polygenious impertinent and impervious Doctrines of no worth or weight, not one Grain heavy, as being meer ebullitions of over-wrought, and Fever-cured Brains: from the which our modern Divinity is separated by an Eclipse, as being tranſacted in *Regular Platinum* or *Lebiam*, a *Lead* Rule; and bow'd applicably to all our purposes: This Rule then obtains, when the Judge bends the Law to the Cause, and not the Cause to the Law: The things we believe and do, are infallibly true and good: and the Law must be bend'd to them by a pliable Interpretation.

Arif. This Divinity is not divine.

He roars.

Tom. My most dear Child: The possess'd man expects an Alms: Give him one.

Arif. Notwithstanding all his various and indefinite Motions, his right hand balanc'd with an Alms, finds the way readily to his Pocket. How comes it that he foames at the mouth so liberally?

Tom. That Legerdemain is advanc'd from the Apothecaries Shop: And use hath apted his Face, Eyes and Mouth to these horrid Representations. He roars only, when the holy things is near, or set in view; and then he expects to be load'd with Alms.

Exit.

Having all he can expect, he is gone! My most dear Child: You have seen *Mrs. Ward* and her Jeuitrices, as tender-headed people call them.

Arif. I have Father. We were fix Schollars before; and they set us at a round Table, so plac'd, that we saw a Scholar and a Maid, a Scholar and a Maid: and which way soever we turn'd our faces, to the right, or to the left, we had a pretty Maid, a Quicksilver-tongu'd Girl to face us. They told us in the Crowd of other things, that they wrought Miracles in *Germany*.

many, a great way off.

Tom. Maids do you call them? They were *English Chambermaids* indeed. And the Miracles they wrought in *Germany*, were, Three or four of them were here got with child, and afterwards, they miraculously became Maids again. But there is a Bull in agitation, to come forth with a roaring and raging noise, in opposition to *Mrs. Ward* and her licentious Crew, against which there is no Ward nor Guard. My most dear Child, I am forsooth, very desirous, that because you are upon your Mission for *England*, you should see Father *John Barnes*, a Learned *Englishman*, and a *Benedictine Monk*, sent to *Rome*, and committed to the Inquisition here, by his own Order and Countreymen. This place belongs to the Inquisition: I will presently speak with the Fathers of the Inquisition, and give you a call from yonder Window. *Exit.*

Arist. The Sun in *Egypt* after the Inundation of *Nile*, hearing the Mud, quarter-makes, & half-makes, and when it perfectly makes, makes but imperfect Creatures, as Frogs, Serpents, and such like. I have read in my Name-*Book*, every man by nature desires to know: This muddy forging of Miracles will never promote a desiring heart to perfect Knowledge. The Naturalists have found by curious Inquisition, that if a Pearl which is foul, be swallowed into the womb of a Dove, and remain there some while; the Dove will give it again most pure and orient: Every thing must be tried and examin'd, according to my Lesson treasur'd up from the School of *Devotion*, in the womb of devout Simplicity, which womb will free it from spots, clouds, deformity. Yet I find that in all these erroneous deviations, there is some colour or semblance of Truth, or something like an Asteriske, or finger pointing to past truths. Thus did the Devils Oracles deliver many

sound Truths, the better, under such palliations, to disseminate and publish their most unsound Errours: Thus doth a stink offend us more, when concomitant with some weak Perfume which it hath *provehicula*, than if it singly sets upon us; the perfume procuring for the stink, easier admittance into our sense: Thus Poysons are most dangerous and irremediable, when joyned in commission with a Cordial that is not able to resist them; it serving to conduct them to the heart, and being unable to vanquish their malignity: Thus the old Fowlers deceived Pigeons by shewing an excoiated Pigeon leaping and dancing in a Net.

F. Tompson from above.

Exit Arist.

Tom. Sr. From the other Window I call'd him: but this is the window from whence we must be Spectators. It is the Ring-dove that builds her Nest early, and unplumes her skin to soften it with her own Feathers, when oftentimes her self dies of cold. I would endanger my life to write this man ours. The turning Pictures shew oftentimes a Lion on the one side, and a Lamb on the other: I have great hopes, that he carries a Lamb inwardly. Love and hatred are like the two ends of a Perspective-Glass, the one multiplies, the other makes less: I would gladly settle him in a Mean betwixt both.

Aristotle Junior, above.

My most dear Child, I have procur'd a Convenience from the good Fathers here: and we shall see more than ordinary.

F. John.

F. John Barnes, chain'd with a Collar of Iron about his Neck.

Barnes. The better to discern the Arteries and the Vital Spirits in them, *Vesalius* the Anatomist was wont to cut up men alive: in these they observe the beating of the Pulse. My torturers are more cruel: they search me through and through every day, and yet, I live to see my self out-live my self.

Alex. Father, I hear him, but, I see him not: Darkness interposes it self; the place is as dark as Hell.

Tom. You shall see him presently.

Barnes. Some hold that the soul is extraneous; and that one man begets another, Body and Soul; and that the Soul is enlightened from the Father, as a Candle from a Candle; otherwise, say they, a man begets but half a man, and stands many stairs lower than a Beast, that begets the whole Beast; and that the three Faculties of the Soul should be infus'd in man, whereof the two inferiour are begot in Beasts, seems not to be a well-cemented Truth.

Alex. He talks idly.

Tom. They have design'd him for madness; because he was Master of a dangerous Head-piece.

Enter one with a Torch, like a Damned Spirit.

Spirit. O *Barnes, Barnes*, The torments that I feel, are most unsufferable: and out-strip, out-run, out-fly humane Apprehension. Thou wilt quickly be in the same Circle of Condition with me.

Barnes. Who art thou?

Spirit. A Damned Spirit; who when I was a Passenger in the world, was affected

as thou art, and affianced to the Religion of wicked and abominable *England*. I was commanded to tell thee, that two deaths stand gaping for thee with open jaws in thy way; and it is recorded in the black and fatal Volume of Destiny, that both shall swallow thee: The Funeral fire shall resolve thy Body into ashes; and thy soul widdow'd of understanding, shall everlastingly be bedded with me in Hell. Hogs and Dogs, Cats and Rats are more happy than thou and I. I must not stay longer, for fear of discovery. I go: my Tortmentor calls.

Exit Spirit.

Barnes. All things fall out perpendicularly to my fears. I shall be burnt here at *Rome*: and I shall be damn'd hereafter in Hell: These two, like malevolous and malignant Planets, are in conjunction: I have *oculos pumicos*, eyes of Pumice-stone: I cannot weep. These desperate Tortmentors have sunk me into desperation: O!

Exit Barnes.

Arif. The wise Alchymist, in the whole progress of his Art, extracts things purer and purer from grosser things. *Exit Arif.*

All 3. Scen. 5.

Enter Lord Liberal, and Sir John Whittle.

S. John. My Lord, the Gentleman's Wife that yesterday was your Guest, promised me the sight of a Quaker this day: I have a great mind to see a Quaker. Their outward appearance is highly commended.

L. Lib. Sr. John: Toads and Serpents have been found in the midst and heart of the fairest-colour'd Stone or Marble being hollow. I love to be like the Pearl, which is united in it self, and called *Kais*. If I should put my heart upon the Wheel, to run round, the sequel would be dangerous,

And perhaps like the famous, or infamous Father, motion of the Wheel, which was first set on going, and then carried about and about, round and round, with Bigs of Sand tyed to the Wheel, and falling till as the wheel mov'd more and more forcibly, until the violent motion kindled fire in it, and burnt it out of all Motion, but what the sporting wind bestowed upon the cold ashes.

Enter *Vain-glory*, *Pretty*, *Lucifer* like a *Quaker*, *Lucifuga*.

S. John. Madam: You are welcome to my Father-in-Law's house: by that name I commonly stile him: I see you stand close to your word.

Mad. Else I were not entreated in that Honesty which I pretend to.

S. John. Is this your *Quaker*?

Mad. Yes, *St. John*: This is the Musty and Head of the Sect.

S. John. My Lord, pray speak to him: I am not wise enough.

L. Lib. Friend: What is your Judgment concerning Religion?

Lucifer. Thou man, who gave thee Authority, thus to question me, thy Fellow-Creature? I am free, and unquestionable in the matter of Religion.

S. John. *Quaker*, You should uncover your head: This is a Lord.

Lucifer. Man, thou art deceiv'd: I will not put off my Hat, though he be a Lord: He is but a man as I am, and my Fellow by Birth.

L. Lib. What is your Profession?

Lucifer. I am a poor ignorant Countriman, a Cobbler by Trade, that profess the knowledge of Truth in a larger size, than ordinary.

L. Lib. How attain'd you to this Knowledge of so large a Circumference, if you

be ignorant of Learning?

Lucifer. By Inspiration.

Vain-g. My Lord, he is inspired of en-times, and speaks beyond a man.

L. Lib. The Comet is perfectly circular, except where it blazes: yet wants the Perfection and perfect Influence of a star: though because it is nearer, it seems fairer: Besides, it is an Alpitari, and risen out of gross Matter: Our *Quaker* blazes only in the business of Religion.

Vain-g. Now his Fit enters upon him. Maid, give him a Chair. *Hyrronble*.

S. John. This is fine sport.

L. Lib. The Ague shakes him.

Vain-g. He returns to himself. *Exit*

Lucifuga.

Lucifer. The Nightingale growing fat, cannot sing: I have long fasted. According to the multitude of Operations (be they of the same or a different nature) in which the Soul doth busie her self, she performeth each particular Operation with less obsequiousness and ability, and therefore less perfectly. Because the Soul being finite and limited, her active virtue is also limited and finite; and so fitting and applying her activity to divers operations, she gives the cause that each participateth a less portion thereof. It is not within the Sphere of humane power, that one should at the same very time, observingly contemplate the Feature of a mans face, beheld with his eyes, and judiciously bend his Thoughts to the curious and bewitching Strains of Musick intruding upon his Ears; nor in the same instant attentively discern the Differences and several Garbs of Colour and Figure. Had I a hundred Understandings, and as many Tongues, I have Matter wherewith to lade and load them. Man, there is yet *Terra Incognita*, a Land unknown to thee, with respect unto knowledge and Religion. The truly knowing people

people, wheresoever they are, are infallible. He that thinks such a People can fall, sours the ruine of the Firmament, and is more than forty times sicker him, who being *Galen's* Patient, and very sick, told him demanding in the morning how he did; that he had been restless and without sleep all the night; heaving himself from side to side, and heavily groaning; and had been grievously troubled, in seriously thinking, what should become of him (sick man) if *Adam*, weary now at last, should steal away his out-worn shoulder, and Heaven, with all the Larks in the Ayr, fall upon him tyn- ing weak in his Bed. Without Infallibility, there is no certainty, no security. And what are all Professors, compar'd to us? They are deckt like heathenish *Indians*, with fine Feathers; sicken from Birds, that when they were alive, flew near Heaven; while these because their feathers are siccitious, cannot fly, can scarcely creep. If they raise an old Truth, like the shape of a fair plant or flower in a Glass, they suddenly draw the flame or Candle away, and let it fall to dull Ashes again. Other men are petty Chapmen, and Pedlers of Divinity: Man, if thou wilt know, know that I am the knowing man: And man, thou maiest know it by this: of a simple and ignorant man, I am suddenly exalted above my self by Rapture. Persons ill-affected in their eyes, many times see two things, when but one presents it self: every man in their seeing, hath two heads, four eyes, two Mouths, two Bodies, four hands, as many feet, and is twice himself, and a double man. Man, thou maiest think me double and deceitful, but the fault is in thy Eyes, not in me.

He trembles again.

Faing. Now he goes back to the simple man he was.

L. Lib. This begets wonder. But he that is red through blushing, cannot be

said to have a red face: He that is pale through fear, cannot be said to have a pale Countenance. As one good or evil Act renders not a man morally and thoroughly good or evil: we being truly nam'd good or evil, just or unjust, from the Habits, and the multiplication of Acts issuing from them: so a Fit of Knowledge, fits not a man for the Name of a knowing man.

Enter Mrs. Darnby, and Lucifer.

S. John. O Sweet-heart, Had you been here, you had seen a Quaker in his Fit: He quakes and shakes like the Leaves of a tree in a fresh wind.

Der. Such sights are not pleasant to me, *Sr. John Little-Wit.*

Sr. John. My Lord, she speaks with the Quaker.

L. Lib. It matters not; I had rather she were a Quaker than a Papist. Tender Infants are most subject to fascination; she has Age.

Lucifer. Madam, Your Portion being in your own hands; bagg it; and I will stand waite to fetch it. Afterwards, I shall convey you to a Nunnery.

Der. You will make me happy.

L. Lib. Come, loving Guests, receive the Civility of the House.

Sr. John. Madam: You have sign'd us yours by this Favour: How does your husband?

Faing. Well, I hope, *Sr. John.*

Sr. John. Come Quaker, go with us.

Lucifer. Man, I follow thee. *Exeunt.*

All 3. Scen. 6.

Enter Mr. Nany, an Anabaptist.

Nan. I was directed hither by a Friend belonging to the House, to see a Jesuit in his Habit, who will presently pass this

way.

way. I am an Exerciser amongst the Brethren of the Separation: My Name is *Abraham Ninny*: and it would be a consolation to me, to know by sight of the eye, what manner of man a Jesuit is, and how he goes *orderly* dress'd in private.

Enter *Aristotle Junior*.

This is not he.

Arist. I am newly return'd from *Rome* by Sea to *London*; and I would fain see the Father that sent me over, and debate the business with him, because it answer'd not in all Angles to my Expectation. This is the Jesuits House in the *Sevoy*, that secretly bears the name of their Founder. One thing more, lies gnawing at my heart: I find a strange fall of the Leaf in my own Country: Every man has moulded a new Religion to himself. I have a Vision: I am haunted with Visions, being newly come from *Rome*: Me thinks, this House is like a Theater, and throng'd with people. Gentlemen: I'll open to you a Secret, lock'd up in the close Cabinet of my Thoughts. But, I pray, keep it as a Secret, and tell it not abroad: neither let it pass into the cold ayr: We experimentally find in the world, that Princes have their Jyyles for Offenders, and their Bedlams for mad people: And I know, that — I dare better shew towards him with my hand, than name him here, is the greatest of Princes; and that Hell is his Jaylor. And in good sooth I never heard or read of flori'd forth, never beheld a place, which can now more appositly be call'd his Bedlam than *England*. But ye will say, How so? *England* a Bedlam? the great Bedlam of the world? Are all the people of *England* mad? Soft and fair. I Answer: No. For In a Bedlam-house, the mad people have

their sober Keepers, their wise Physicians, their civil Waiters and Servants; and also those, whose Office it is to whip them, and thereby to awake and recal their senses; and one of the last, I hope I shall be. There's the Secret.

Enter *Lucifer*, in the Habit of a Jesuit.

Lucif. O I am rob'd, I am rob'd; I had a Purse of Gold given me this morning by a Noble woman-penitent, which she stole from her Husband; and another he-penitent coming afterwards, has pickt my pocket and rob'd me of it. O Villain, Mischance, Cuius? According to Learned Father *Eschewer*, he is damn'd already. The Rogue came to Confession to me, kneel'd humbly at my feet, confessed with a sad voyce, an humble mouth, sigh'd, sob'd, groan'd, shak'd his head, look'd like a Carcase, and with a face equally divided and shar'd betwixt sorrow and care: he cried too: the vile Knave wept, as I thought, heartily; the tears ran hastily down his Cheeks, as if there were a modest contention, or striving betwixt his Cheeks, which should deliver his tears soonest to his bosom: he kept his Right and righteous hand acting & tabering at his heart, while with his other hand, his unrighteous hand, left-handed Rascal, he pick'd my Pocket, and got away my Purse, my Purse of Gold, containing as much pure Gold, as being well husbanded by our secular Procurator, would have given out Body here a full and copious Dinner every *Thursday* at our Garden-house of Recreation. I mean, every one six Dishes, whereof one should have been a fat plump Partridge, or something, as the *Logicians* speak, equipollent, to the worlds end. The Curse of our General, and of all our Society be upon him: The Curse and the Firebrand thrown down from

from the top of the Great Church at *Rome*, follow him.

Arist. Father, Father, this Passion does not become you, sits not well upon your forehead.

Lucif. Are not you the Thief? you are like him.

Arist. Look upon me well, good Father, and with unpassion'd eyes.

Lucif. O my good Child, are you come again? Forsooth, I am glad to see you. How relish you the good things in forreign Parts?

Arist. Father, *tamquam in tabella*, in brief. First, you sent your Letter of commendations by me, and it had certain private Marks in the bottom, according to your private Book of Rules, Politick rules, printed at *Rome*, and no where else, which I have now seen; and this was to signify to the Jesuits, that if I refused to be a member of your Society, they might use me *ad libitum*, at their pleasure. Secondly, You sent Letters every Moneth to the *English* Colledges at *S. Omers*, at *Valladolid* in *Spain*, and at *Rome* where I was, to be read in the hearing of all the Scholars; and these Letters recounted wondrous things as done in *England*, disgraceful to the *English*, though conducing to the confirmation of the Scholars in their Judgments, which things were neither done, nor feasible. The Business of *Garnet* Straw was meer Forgery; the Rainter afterwards discover'd his own Folly, and yours; and your different Pictures of the Straw (I have seen them) gave evidence against you. *Fax*, the Author of the famous Martyrology, never believ'd his Head was an Urinal. The Learn-

ed Church-man of *England*, did not die a Papist. I could exasperate your ears with a thousand of these. Thirdly, I never yet saw a Jesuit or other Priest, of whom I could honestly say, this is a just man, his Heart and his Tongue concur, Truth and his Tongue are Unison: They are Mountebanks in Religion, and have Spawns of Deceit and Equivocation in their Mouths: they religiously keep *Machiavels* Rule; Belpatter thy Adversary with all sorts of Dirt and filth, *aliquid for suum adharere*; it is likely that somewhat of it will stick close to him. Fourthly, —

Nis. This is the Jesuit, in the Habit of his Order: a very passionate man: And now I look better upon him, this man exercises'd in our Chair the other day, habited as I am. Jesuit, I despise thee.

Lucif. Who are you?

Nis. A Brother of the Separation. I despise thee, Jesuit.

Lucif. How came you hither?

Nis. Upon my Legs. Jesuit, I despise thee. Thou art an Impostor, a Deluder: thou hast polluted and contaminated our Chair, and I will burn it. I despise thee, Jesuit.

Lucif. *Crupperdelling*, vanish. Thee I despise.

Nis. *Rome* Junizary, I despise thee.

Arist. Gentlemen, I despise you both. But you two are not so tender-hoof'd, but you may stable closer together, if you please. You both know, or have reason to know, that I know you both. Come, come, stand as far off as you can one from the other: He being you together, I warrant you. Jesuit, and Brother of the Separation: First, Are

ye not both wild-fire-heated, and contentners of Government, if heterodoxie from your Designes? This cannot be denied: the meridian Sun is not more visible. Come both a little nearer, for this first reason. Again, you brother of the Separation, have not you kicked against lawfull Government, instigated by the Grounds and Reasons of the Jesuits, their Schoolmen, Controversists, Casuists; have you not copied your Motives and Arguments out of their Champions? do not I know you have? Nearer now on each side. Yet again. Do you not both in all Nations, where there is an overwaying and prevalent party, consociate side, vote, and dance in the same Fairy Ring, against the party authorized by the Swaying Power? Ye do, ye do: Nearer, nearer yet. I have brought you to half-way Tree on both sides. Sit on. *Kar populi*, the voice of the people who best know you, as with an irresistible charm will bring you nearer on both quarters. Are not you nam'd the Puritanical Jesuit, and you the Jesuitical Puritan? Nearer again. I follow the chase. Are ye not both so severe and rigid in your Directions, Instructions, Counsils, as if ye were both Enthusiasts with a singular spirit above all others? Now ye are within the stretch of arms. Do ye not both with the same quibble of cunning insinuate into houses by secret wives, and there Lord it over their Husbands and the whole Family? I must not exceed my portion of time, and speak from the Center beyond the Periphery. Now come close together, joyn hands, embrace according to the Jesuitical Hugge. Why now ye are friends. O let poor deluded *England*, be now ashamed of what is past, be provident and circumspect for here after. All was Jesuitical: the Jesuit as the evil *Gemini*, was the true and only Malignant: In all the combination and complication of the ma-

ny-headed Factions, he had access by himself or his Agents to the chief Actors while he blew the coles, with *Julian*, at the Devil's Altar. And now ye are coupled. He tell you a Story; it hath, *Jane*-like, two faces, as looking backward and hitherward. *Rome* was with Child, and she brought forth her eldest Son, the *Aur-dilline*; to him as the Heir she gave her Lands; She remain'd free a while; at length was with child again, and brought into the light two children, the *Dominican* and the *Franciscan*; to the first, having given away her Lands, she gave certain Houses and monies in a Pensionary manner; to the other, having nothing left, she Waller, and set him out of doors a begging. She stood clear again, till at last she was with child; she long'd, she groan'd, she drew her breath short, she made store of outwardish faces: In the conclusion she gave into the world a lusty Boy, who being newly born utter'd from behind the Midwives lapfall, a sign of good luck; this was the Jesuit. His Mother having given away Lands, Houses, Waller, took him up, gave him a smart slap on the right buttock, and said, My deating, strive for thy self; and he did so most accurately. Turn the story hither: Our Mother here was with child, and with child, again, and again. I so much honour the first-born children, that I shall not name them in this Comical Air; the Presbyterian himself shall pass by me, without a glance upon him: questionless he means well, though he deserves not this Elegy from me, yet I am so sick of the Jesuit and Monk, that I must please him. But Brother of the Separation, you were the last-born, have run with the Torrent, and this do for your self, rejoyce over the *Cradle*; and therein you and the Jesuit are immixt. This is all, take my leave. *FIN.*

Nis. And I likewise. Farewell Brother.
Exit.

Lucif. Brother, Farewell. I must proceed to a new leven. The name of *Jesuit* is now grown ragged, rugged, odious. His murders, equivocations, coolenages, and the like, are over-palpable. I must translate my Crown, Empire, and Person to an *Order*, having more of pious outside. Let me see: there 'tis: the

blest *Benedictine* is the man: he that in publick looks not beyond the length of his grave. His antiquity, and the opinion of the people will assist me.

The Principle stands firm; nothing more new,

Then to delude you with a holy Cheat,
Exit.

Finis Albus terris.

Act 4. Scene 1.

Enter Agrippa.

Agrip. **Y**our Scholar and ours has put to Sea again for France. Mr. *Hugh* the Comedian-*Prentice*, came from his Master *Fiell-facias* to him with such a hanging message, that it discompos'd and tempest'd his thoughts, put him into a shaking fit: and not without right reason: for one of his Coat and Constitution was left shorter by the head the other day. He has desir'd of me to render him once again to you from *Paris*, and I shall do it *Prissto*. But I promis't him to present you first with a Dance of *Spanish* Clowns, as he has seen them Dance in the Church, by Order from the Inquisition, and as the manner is, upon the most festival Dayes, in the *Spanish* Churches, before the highest Altar: this passing with them for a part of devout Worship, and a most excellent work of Devotion. They come: judg you.
Exit.

Enter the Spanish Dancers: they make reverence to the Altar, both before the Dance and after: they Dance with their Hats off. Exit.

Enter Agrippa.

Act 4. Scene 2.

A little Bell Rings.

Enter Father Nelson, F. Robert, F. Prior, Monks, one after the other.

F. Nelson. This Bell calls us to Council. Come Father *Robert*: but where's F. Prior?

F. Rob. He comes.

Nels. Reverend Father Prior, having lodg'd this Meteor of a man in the Bastille, we must secure him there by plausible reasons dispers'd amongst the people.

Rob. Yes, Father Prior, our soundest and profoundest way of proceeding will be, to give amongst the people, that he is an Intelligencer and Spy from the Rebels in *England*, and that there has been a continual intercourse of Letters betwixt them and him.

Pri. But Fathers, I have heard from persons of untainted reputation that he has been seven times Imprison'd, and twice Plunder'd to the last farthing, in the defence and favour of the Royal Party.

Nels. It sleepers not our cause. The business

business is agitated here, whither such a report can not easily reach, I have otherwise posses't and fill'd the Chancellor, and ordain'd by his Order and Sanction, that besides his being Dungeon'd, he shall be punish'd beyond humane sufferance, for, as the honest English Taylor holily and cross-legg'd saies: he deserves to be stab'd or have his throat cut.

Rob. Reverend F. Prior, you have *Capitulum lepidissimum*, a notable head-piece, and you look so like a carcass, and with such a mortified countenance, so like the ghost of *Godliness*, that whatsoever you countenance, will pass for pure and holy. Licence me to speak a free word: you remember, that a Noble Frenchman said to you, Had he but your face in the forefront of his head, he should be able to cozen the whole world.

Pri. Verily, I was made for my Priorship: I am call'd to it, and my parts are consonant and agreeable. I look like an Anatomy, I speak humbly and with a dying man's voice, like a Saint, and I do like my self. I declare to you, Fathers, I love not the Prisoner, because my Brother the *Franciscan* conspir'd with him in *England*, professing, that had he been enabled with his parts, he would have turn'd heretick as he did.

Nels. Fathers, I am your *Definitor*: let me define for you. We will out-wait this hard Winter. If there be not a settlement in *England* before the Summer visit us, we will send him to the Inquisition at *Rome*, and there burn him alive to vile ashes.

Rob. Father *Bonnet Nelson*, you speak like an Orthodox Brother, rightly descended from Bishop *Banner*. I will procure in *England* sufficient provision of Monies from the Catholics there for this

godly purpose, who will gladly contribute to such a meritorious work. He is our deadly enemy: he has wrought against us mischief without president, beyond example, above parallel. He wrote a Book in *England*, and entitl'd it, *The Serpent and the Dragon, or, The Jesuit and the Monk, or, Profession and Practice*: The Jesuite was but the Serpent, and the Monk was the Dragon. Now the Author is both Serpent and Dragon, and deserves to be burnt beyond ashes if it were possible. *Plangenti nemo condoleat Draceni*: No man condolets with a mourning Dragon.

And before this Book by set his Picture, fetching the Devil out of a Monk in the form of a Pig: Hog as he was.

Pri. I receiv'd a Letter from St. *Mallors*, signifying, that he with certain English Merchants visited our Fathers there, every one bringing his Bottle of Wine, otherwise, as our Fathers there innocently call it, of *Crimson*, and our holy Fathers there drank so fully, plentifully and joyfully of it, that they told him in the extasy of their joy, he did in very deed deserve to be Canonized by his Holiness for his charity towards them; and yet, both he and the Merchants reported, the good men were drunk, crimson-fac'd, and drunk with crimson: a very plot.

Nels. Truly, Father, there was a noble Personage from *England* here in *Paris*, that numbered this Varlet amongst his Friends, he call'd him his Chaplain, and one Winter night, they congeal'd into company with a good Father here in Town: he had an imperfection, that he would be drunk every day; in fine, he was overtaken with drink that night, and slept in a chair; and presently they sent for a great Glass of Oyle, (sit down here

Father

Father *Rebels*, and I will shew the manner,) and powred it upon the bare, bald, and holiest part of his head, saying, O Priest, we annoint thee King of drunkards, and leave thee drunk with Wine and drownd in Oyle.

Rob. Father *Priest*, and Father *Nelson*: I did but kiss a Woman in the Old-Baily at *London*, and do a little something more to her, and as you shall believe me to be a true child of the Church, I had but one child by her, a dainty Boy, and as like my self, as if I had spat him out of my mouth; and this vile fellow set it going upon wheels through City and Countrey.

Pri. He is a most pernicious man.

Nils. Fathers, this our Convent of *Paris* excepted, (and he has been in *Paris* many times, and once resided here four years together,) he has liv'd in all our Monasteries through the whole Christian world; he liv'd in our Abby at *Lamb Spring* in *Germany*, in our Monasteries at *Domay* in *Arise*, at *Dulwart* in *Lorain*, at *St. Mallus* in *Britanny*; he knows all our secrets, and all the secret-conveyances betwixt the Rebels and us, and has heard from us uncomely words lackingy therewith. None of our Fathers in their Monasteries would receive him into the Habit, lest he should know more of our inside, and bewire us further: Father *Crispy* whisper'd to him in his ear, that he was sick of all our Monasteries, and he presently talk'd it abroad. He fancies to himself a perfection according to the Primitive Model, and he designs and seeks according to this his Platonical Idea. *F. Priest*: It is the settled doctrine of the Jesuits, That he who threatens or intends to publish the secrets of a Religious-House may be lawfully kill'd. Now there is a two-fold manner of kill-

ling: we may kill directly as the Jesuits do, (which is too publick, incutres too much upon the senses,) or indirectly as we: Let those influences be multiplied upon him in the Bastille, that no ordinary man can endure without death, (which is a kind of indirect killing:) If his body be of heart-oake, and he escapes this, to the fire and fagot with him at *Rome*.

Pri. Fathers, I approve and sanctifie your counsel. Here let us center: The cause is good, the end excellent: the affair must and shall prosper.

Rob. One word in the by. We have money of his which hath remained dormant in our hands these two years: but he must not have it, lest it should serve to manage him into *England*, if he should break Prison. And whereas he is upon our account unraveld three hundred pounds and upwards, besides all sorts of cloathes and other goods which he gave us, and of which we have mist and gilded him, hereticks would say, defrauded him: now the matter moves upon another hinge. O the brave Goose-pies that we begg'd him out of.

Nils. My brain is in labour. Perhaps I shall bring forth another way, a way more compendary, to shorten his life in the Bastille. He is there the most part of his time in pitchy darkness: a Spider in his salt, and there entomb'd in her own venome, would be thought to destroy him casually, and then we may exalt Providence.

Pri. Fathers, It will not be cross to our design, if we likewise inform the Chancellour that he is a Monk: The Chancellour knows a Monk should not abide out of his Monastery: This will fortifie and confirm the Chancellour in his honourable act of imprisoning him. For set aside his Priapisme, the Chancel-

our carries the face of a conscience.

Nelf. It would not be amiss.

Pri. Thus then. We have decreed, and the plot is modeliz'd, let us proceed to performance, and go on upon this Helix, wider and wider.

Rob. O Father, you have *dignum caput cui posteritas devoviat capitulum, anserinâ operâ præservandum*, a reverend head, to the which posterity may worthily devote a Capitol, to be preserv'd afterwards by Geese.

Pri. F. Robert, you are always merry. Come let us go, and hammer the iron while it is incorporated with fire.

Nelf. *The Monk that is most cunning, and most quaint,*

Our Maxims saies, must be declar'd a Saint. *Exeunt.*

Act 4. Scene 3.

Aristotle Junior, lying on the ground in a Dungeon, upon a little straw mingled with dirt.

Arist. O Torment! The pangs of Death cannot be more grievous: and my pangs are notoriously more grievous to me than the pangs of Death, because mine are continual. The whole Fabrick of my body is so stifned and benum'd with cold, so bruiz'd and sor'd with the hardness of the rocky ground, that I cannot use a limb without excessive pain, and shaking of the whole frame. They have detain'd me here in the Bastille the space of fifteen Weeks, without Bed, Covering, Cap, Waistcoate, Shirt, or other Linnen, (the *French*, my Executioners, rob'd me of all,) without Chair, Stool, Table, Fire, Candle, Water, Knife, Spoon, without any succour for the necessities of nature, further than the floor

of this close and dark Dungeon or Cave where I lye: and by a little peeping-hole I have discover'd a Sentinel continually standing with his Musket, to receive me, if I should appear in the least part of me. Dare these blessed-nam'd *Benedictines* ever professe, that they are flesh and blood? the wild *Indian* man-eaters are not more barbarous, nor the brute beasts of the wilderness more savage. Can it now be denyed from the consequences of this cruelty, that their lives in their Monasteries are absolutely dissolute, when they endeavour by such un-hew'd and *Scythian* means to forestall the discovery of them. It is likely they will pull to themselves in the covering of their nakedness other pretences, that as *Tiberius* the Emperor abused the vestals, they may first render me dishonourable, and then miserable: But here, two things obtain no small surplussage of confirmation; two things which walk it and stalk it as open truths in *England*, though contradiction be much obstreperous: The first, The people of this Gang, this sharp-pointed fang, are most horribly Cruel: The second, *Rome* cannot stand without the prop of a Lye. I never hammered any thing against them, but Truth: a Goldsmith is a Smith, but a Gold-smith. I wonder not now, that they are so debauched in their Monasteries, and that their old Monks talke of the evils they committed in their youth, with such high merriment and complacence: for cruelty supposeth many great sins, hath many foul enormities that forerun it. They now act upon the very Life-blood of me. Nothing more puts me upon the rack, than that I suffer all this from the immediate hand of a walking Pedlars Pack, a Periwig'd people; a Nation of Anticks; a people terrible to none but to one another,

ther, as fearing amongst themselves *Acerbum Gallicum*, the French Pox, exuberant in their outward and crouching Spaniel Complements, but wretchedly destitute of all truly-gentile and solid civility; A barbarous extract of *Gauls*, *Huns*, *Goths*, *Vandals*, *Langobards*; Men that have always their Master the Devil in their mouths; quick to strike and kill, but slow to do it nobly. Let them go as they are, the *Indian Birds* or *Butterflies* of men. May the noble *Castilian*, and brave Englishman in a fit time revenge my wrongs upon them. *Rejctum à Servis puerulus*, in *Matri redit & ruit amplexum*: The Child roughly treated by the Servants whom he fondly loved, returns and runs into the imbraces of his dear Mother. O dear *England*! I have been so long watching and waking, that neither my fancy nor eyes perform faithful service to my understanding. It seems to me, that I see strange things, Pig-

mies, Giants, strange Birds, Beasts, Fishes, Serpents, Monsters. All extraordinary stories that I have read or heard of, shew themselves to me, besides portents and prodigies. I hear whatsoever my fancy delivers to be said. I dream that I sleep, sometimes bedded in Snow, sometimes in the Waters, in the Field sometimes, where I am pelted with hail. They will not allow me pen, inke, paper, or light: yet I have made and recorded in my memory a Latin Epistle, which I will commend to paper, and perhaps devote to the Presse, if ever good Heaven indulge freedom to me. In this Epistle there is a Latin Hymn; My fancy sings it oftentimes to me. I wish for symmetry-sake, and because it contains my sad story, that some propitious and unseen mouth might sing it, reprove and act the part of my fancy, whilest I intend a little to slumbering.

SONG.

In stramine & pulvere Cumulo
Hic jaces sine tegmine aut Tumulo:
Oblatus Morti, somno vix aut nò vix devotus,
Relatus Morti, Mortuique instar firmè totus.
Supulchrum pulchrum verò putans,
Es nec id moribus refutans.
Re, ore, non sanè planè idem,
Mors, Amore qui fui pridem.
Christe, non verò Satana dicandus,
Huc traher, spero, sordibus purgandus.
Unà in occasum Virgensi, oriensque;
Nascens, & simul denascens, moriensque.
Ut agrotus, frigus, dolens:
Ut Cadaver, rigens, olens.
Vi ablatu, & vi delatus:
Vi Mortis Portu alligatus.
Vagari liberum non est Menti,
Nò Corpus desu revertens.

The Pragmatical Jesuite

*Pulso Scabello, flumini, fenum
 Angustis Throni Bonis, Dantis.
 Non fens ipse, videt in Stola
 Mentes desinit mea Mola.
 Aste fient, confusum gaudens,
 Descendens & ascendens.*

*Sublatus in Cælum, et liber es,
 Liber in eo cum Deo verser meo.*

*Ignobilis per Somnia, pariensque deformia:
 Immobilis ad omnia, patiensque enormia.*

*Et nunc velut elatus, vermibusque ritè datus,
 Cum Vivendi peritis Primitivis Eremitis.*

Enter a Key-keeper.

Key-k. Monsieur Englishman, you are free from the Dungeon, and have the liberty of the Common Prison.

Arist. I most humbly thank you, Monsieur: you are a good Angel. Pray be a little charitable, and help me to rise: O, gently, gently: for charity sake, gently. O my poor legs, they refuse to support my body. I can scarce enforce my arms to the least duty. There is a Conjururation of Aches through my whole body.

He comes upon the Stage, holding by the Wall, and sits. *Exit Key-keeper.*

Enter Don Lewis an Italian.

Lewis. Signior Englishman, I am glad you are dismiss'd and rescued from your Dungeon. Prisoners love here, as being in *eadem navi*, in the same ship. I am a stranger as you are, a noble Italian; and therefore, more particularly sympathiz'd with you. I am commonly call'd *Don Lewis*.

Arist. Noble Sir: I am affectionately yours. You will favour me to descend beneath your self, and acquaint me why you are detain'd here.

Lewis. Precisely and nakedly, for the

speaking of naked Truth: There is an Italian Bishop here in Paris, a man of sublime power, but of a leaden heart: He privately professes against the Immortality of the soul; and uses, against all the Sallies of Nature, a Boy every night, (such is the vile extravagancy of our Nation.) This I spake into the open aire: And though the Truth of it is as well and thoroughly known to me, as that I walke and talke, yea, although they thought so worthy of me here, as to send me their Embassadour to Naples, yet they imprison'd me. The grand affair of your Countrey is settled *en sa ser y puesto*, (I doubt not but you understand Spanish,) or you had been sent to the Inquisition, and your body had made a Bone-fire there: I am a Roman born, and know the minner of it; your Aches should have been thrown into the River *Tiber*, to feed the Water-snakes. But your enemies here, were big with hopes, that the Dungeon would have murder'd you. Your own Countrey Monks were your Hangmen; we know all here.

Arist. I consider'd them as being in the condition of Angels, that Sun-beam-like attend to the world, as helpers of others towards Heaven, and in themselves

selves are separate from it, and united with Heaven as the beams with the Sun. I fancied, that 'as Stars which have the least Circuit, are nearest the Pole; so men who are least perplexed with business, are nearest to Heaven, because we cannot remove a thing from earth, but we must exalt it nearer to Heaven.

Lewis. You have been much entangled in the love of them: but as businesses commonly move now, it is a putrified course of life in many parts, and respects. A corrupted Monk is like the reflexion of the great Angel-Image from a Steeple-top in *Milan*, which at one stroke, limb'd it self on the Clouds in the Air, of themselves prepar'd for such an impression, and only amazed and amuzed the vulgar heads, who vainly took the vain reflexion of an Image on the Clouds, for a most heavenly Saint or Angel. But when the Monks come down out of the Clouds, we know them better, because they are near to us: we never find abroad, men so passionate, so profane: besides that they are commonly drunken Beasts, and lazy lousie belly-gods; these their mysteries I inwardly know: in many Monasteries they study Magical and Demoniacal Arts; they learn the Art of compounding Philters, and thereby draw Nobles to love them above their own children; they compose poisons of all sorts; they destroyed *Henry* the seventh, Emperour, with a subtle and most sacrilegious poison in a Church, and your King *John* in a Monastery; the Monk is the Jesuit's great Grandfather; the Monks coin false money; they falsifie stones of middle rank into Pearls, and Jewels; by the transmutation of Metals, they raise them into a kind of counterfeit silver.

Arif. This I knew done by Father

Broughton, an English Monk, at *Lamb-spring* in *Germany*, amongst the Woods there, who, had he not been a Monk, had ended his life at *Brussels* on the Gallows for the like forgery.

Lewis. They leave the Frier many akers behind them, that was the casual author of Gunpowder: they make powders, the smell of which procures lust, and sets body and soul on fire: they mix the purest paint for women: their abundance of idle time incites them as to monstrous evils, so to marvellous curiosities. *Trithemius*, a famous Abbot, shewed *Maximilian* the Emperour his wife, even long after her death, and *Ferrucam in calceju*, the very Wart in her neck, by which the Emperour particularly knew her. I could recount a hundred of these: There was a kind of mortal punishment amongst the old *Jews*, badg'd with the title of *Combustio animæ*, the burning of the soul, wherein they powred scalding Lead into the mouth of the condemned person, by the which his inwards were consumed, the shape and outward bark of his body, remaining still with due proportion. The body of the Monk is extant still, his soul is burnt forth: *Trithemius* satisfied royal curiosity, and I have complied with yours. I am a child of *Rome* both in birth and belief; but abuses are now grown into a wilde Forrest, and men are become as the wilde Beasts. It hath oftentimes pleaded against me in my heart, Are there no true worshippers in all the world; but the three wickedest Nations of all the world? Time will open it self, that I may happily have place to give you the Story of *Rome* according to my knowledge, and the Chronicle of my own memory, from *Urban* the eighth, and the childhood of his Popedom, to *Papeniant monist*.

Arif.

masceatur ridiculus mus; the Mountains bring forth, and the ridiculous Mouse is born. I will not now disease you further; your indisposition admonishes me.

Exit Lewis.

Arise. Your servant, noble *Dan*. The Novitships in the Monasteries, are but idle, inauspicious, impertinent, and trifling merriments, put in comparison with what I have suffered; and yet they would have delivered me up for fuel to the most implacable revenge of the Inquisition. Graft a Rose-tree, then convey a grain of Musk into a cleft in the stock, and all the Roses that come of the stock, will carry Musk about them. I hope that all my after-actions will be steeped in this affliction. I must withdraw. *Exit.*

Act. 4. Scen. 4.

Enter Sir John Wit-little, Madam Hypocrisie, Pretty, Lucifuga.

Hyp. Sir *John*, You gave me amongst your commands, to provide for your use a small quantity of Love-powder; and here I present it to you in this little bag of silk.

Wit-l. Madam, You oblige me beyond world without end, but I must retailate, and return you satisfaction. Madam, pray what cost it?

Hyp. It will be abundant satisfaction if you shall please to accept it, and that it will cost you if you have it.

Wit-l. Dear Madam, I would I were wiser and more knowing, that I might thank you more learnedly, but I will give your Boy something, and something to your Maid. And how must I use this Love-powder, Madam?

Hyp. Sir, You must apply the Bag a few minutes, to the Nose of the person whom you desire to fire with the love of you.

Wit-l. Very good: this I shall dextrously do.

Lucifug. That Powder hath no such power attending upon it; my Mistress trifles with him: but I have a perfume here, sufficiently operative, accordingly as it is presented. Noble Sir, Pray license a poor servant from the Blacks, to present a poor something to you as an Emblem, Flag, Ensign, Obelisk, Pyramid, Trophy, of his most humble service, and vassalage. You were pleas'd even now to give me gold; and I desire to be your grateful servant, and return your gold presently in a Present.

Wit-l. O brave black Boy! What hast thou there that thou would'st sacrifice to me?

Lucifug. Only a pair of Gloves, Sir.

Wit-l. A fair pair indeed.

Lucifug. Their greatest fitness is, that they were presented with a grateful heart.

Wit-l. Where were these Gloves made, Boy?

Lucifug. In Italy, Sir *John*, and there perfume'd in a Monastery.

Wit-l. I know not what a Monastery is, but I believe 'tis a sweet place, for the Gloves are wondrous sweet.

Lucifug. The more you acquaint them with your Nose, and smell of them, Sir *John*, if my Augury deceive me not, the sweeter you will find them.

Wit-l. Boy, I would fain put my powder upon experience, before I prove it on my Mistress.

Lucifug. You may, Sir, with expedition. Which of these, my Mistress or her Maid, do you desire should love you?

Wit-l. I know not which, they are both comely. I could love them both: let them both love me.

Lucifug. Why then it shall be so.

Wit-l.

Wis-l. But how shall I apply the Bag to their Noses?

Lucifug. O Sir, I can lay them both to sleep in a moment.

Wis-l. That will be fine indeed. But how, prythee?

Lucifug. By murmuring a certain magical word in their ears. I shall effect all this presently. Madam, The fat Valtyes are low and humble: I humbly desire leave to deliver an humble word to you in your ear.

Vaing. Do so, Boy.

Lucifug. And another to you, Mistress *Priddy*, preambled with a loving kisse.

Priddy. Contented, so that you leave behind you, none of your Blackamoreship upon my lips.

Lucifug. Fear not; I'll not part from any of it.

Vaing. Sleep takes me by storm. She sits, and sleeps. *Priddy* yawns.

Priddy. That's my first and last Peal to sleep. She sits, and sleeps.

Lucifug. Now Sir *John*, use your silken Bag.

Wis-l. Thou art a rare black Boy. My House here in *London* shall be prefac'd with the Sign of the black Boy, for thy sake.

Lucifug. I shall be rarer presently, if I fail not in my Prognosticks. Sir *John*, with your other hand ward the sent from your own Nose, by applying your Gloves to it.

Wis-l. Thy counsel's seasonable. I am tickled with the thought, how vehemently these two fair-ones, this pair of Beauties will love me.

Lucifug. Now remove your siege to the other. Sir *John*, they will love you most amorously; love you above themselves, above whatsoever is most dear to

them, or the world calls precious Enough; now conceal your Bag.

They both start, one after the other, as out of a dream, and wake.

On with your Gloves Sir *John*, and avert the smell of the Powder.

Vaing. Sir *John*, you are nature's Masterpiece, the world's chief Jewel, and earth's prime Perfection; the Sun it self is not more radiant.

Wis-l. Egregious Powder; pure *Italy*.

Priddy. Sir *John*, This Lady is my Mistress indeed; but you are the grand Duke and Master of my affections.

Wis-l. Poor Heart. I have powder'd you both.

Vaing. Sir *John*, you are like the Herb called the Tartar-Lamb, that with secret pullings attracts the juyce and virtue of, and seems, like our Lamb in the fields, to put a mouth to, and openly feed upon the Plants and Herbs on every side of it. You have attracted both our loves to your self, and we fade and wither, as being so near you without enjoyment.

Priddy. A certain learned Physician was of the mind, that the world would thrive better, if none but young, strong, and healthful persons should be parents, and procreate children. Sir *John* and I are healthful, strong, and young.

Wis-l. Distressed Girl.

Vaing. I hope and fear, and after the first lineaments of my fear, wipe all away and hope again, and in the strength and puissance of this last hope, I will go to him courageously. Pray Sir *John*, salute me.

Wis-l. Most willingly, sweet Lady.

Priddy. His language is direct, and hath no enormous obliquity in it; it is of the finest silk, the softest feather. I presume he will answer me with like civility.

vility. Sir John, I am my Mistress's Ape, and would fain imitate her: pray give me your blessing, I mean the blessing of your warm lips.

Wit-l. Sweet Maid, I bless thee. O Paragons, thou of Women, she of Maids! In my Fancy, I am now kingdom'd, crown'd, scepter'd, thron'd, and foot-stool'd.

He starts.

What means this? My Heart, and Head are both dart-wounded together.

Faing. My love of Sir John, is not an earthly passion, it is rather a celestial flame kindled at the Planet Venus. *Prett.* Every thing grows vile when it is joyned with a thing beneath it self, as silver combined with lead: but a thing is dignified and exalted, when united with a better thing, as lead commixed with silver. I should receive worth, lustre, and splendour, if joyned with Sir John Wit-little, and I should be the Lady Wit-little.

Wit-l. Dregs of women-kind, I abhor you both: I abominate all your sex: the Toad is not so loathsome to me. Here is my Joy: most beautiful Boy, my only Joy, I love thee, love thee with weight, and without measure.

Faing. Now you are fast, Ha ha he. Laugh *Pretty.* Ha ha he.

Prett. Ha ha he. My Mistress laughs so heartily, that I am her Echo.

Faing. Had we brought him true love-powder, he would have played false with his Mistress, whom we design and shall quickly make over to a Nunnery. Now he feels the virtue of Italian Gloves.

Wit-l. Who stuck those Lillies in thy face? What Artist so knowingly mingled the Lillies and Roses there? O my white Boy, my Angelical Boy, I have a triangular glasse in my Fancy, and mine eyes reflect after it, and behold all rich colours

in thy face. Thy face is like, and not like the Rainbow; in thy face, there is both Bow and Arrow; from thy face I am shot; I am on fire with such a conflagration of love towards thee, that I can scarcely contain my self from falling down before thee and adoring thee.

Lucifug. If you love me, follow me.

Wit-l. He must follow thee who cannot live without thee, or love any but thee?

Exeunt those two.

Faing. Now the work is upon the wheel, and runs on apace; it grows high, a short time will ripen it.

She whispers to *Pretty.* Exit *Pretty.*

Enter Lord Liberal and Mrs Dorothy.

L. Lib. Sir John Wit-little, where is he? Where is Sir John, Madam?

Faing. He was here, my Lord, and here he walk'd and talk'd, and all-bepassion'd himself in the uproar of his own thoughts, as pretending that your Noble Kinswoman did not look favourably upon him: on a sudden, he catcht himself away, without any civil adieu, vowing at the threshold, that he would immediately travel beyond the bounds of this Island, and never turn his foot again towards this House, or Countrey.

L. Lib. Upon my Honour, I am sorry. This is your fault, *Nice.*

Der. My Lord, it is my happiness that I am deliver'd from a Fool.

L. Lib. But *Nice*, That Fool came of wise parents, and is a large-landed Fool, he is worth a thousand-wise-men of ordinary condition.

Der. True worth, my Lord, is not measur'd by the false rule of Riches.

L. Lib. Cozen, Cozen, Where there are riches without measure, education will fashion a child begotten by a Fool, into a person of true worth.

Der. The short and the long is, If I should

should have lov'd him in short for your sake, for my own sake I could not have lov'd him long.

Enter Pretty, smiling.

Vain-gl. Why smile you, Maid?

Pretty. There is a Changeling at the door, who begs with a basket hook'd on his arm: He talks and behaves himself so strangely, that he would raise a spirit of laughter in a stone.

Dor. My Lord, pray let me see him. A little Recreation unbends, and eases me.

L. Lib. Let him be call'd hither.

Vain-gl. Maid, call him. *Exit Pretty.*

Madam Dorsy. This Changeling is your Ghostly Father: from a Jesuite he is new-alchymis'd into a Benedictine: such a Gradation being lawfull, because the Benedictine is the more perfect. And your experience will plain it to you, that he is the far more perfect, I dare say to my self, Knave. He brings the Basket, therein to carry away part of your portion.

L. Lib. A Changeling cannot endanger my Cozen within the circle of my fears.

Enter Lucifer like a Changeling, and Pretty.

Lucifer. O rich Cozens, rich Cozens, how do ye all here? how do you? Rich Cozens, give something to your poor Cozen, some bread and cheese, or eggs, or pie, or bacon, or what ye please, rich Cozen. *Ha, ha, he.* O, that's my Lord Cozen: what an unmannerly fool am I? I should stand a great way off, I should not come near my Lord Cozen. Good day to you, Lord Cozen. My Lord Cozen is a jolly fine old man: *Ha, ha, he.*

L. Lib. Friend, come near, what

hast thou in thy basket?

Lucifer. My basket is therefore stur, because you should not see what I have there, Lord Cozen: *Ha, ha, he.* But in earnest Lord Cozen, I have nothing there yet, I thank you.

L. Lib. Dost thou thank me, that thou hast nothing there?

Lucif. I, Lord Cozen, I thank you for nothing. *Ha, ha, he.*

L. Lib. You shall thank me for something, anon.

Lucif. So I will when I have it, Lord Cozen. *Ha, ha, he.*

L. Lib. Niss, I commit the storing of his basket to you: let it be well fill'd.

Dor. I undertake it as a work of Charity.

Lucif. Thank you heartily, pretty Cozen: you are a very pretty Cozen: and I love a pretty Cozen heartily: *Ha, ha, he.* And Cozens all, if you be good Cozens, help me to a Wife amongst you. Lord Cozen, I want a Wife: *Ha, ha, he.*

L. Lib. Thou knowst not how to use a Wife.

Lucif. To use a Wife is a natural work, Lord Cozen: and a Natural knows it best. *Ha, ha, he.*

L. Lib. He sayes true. But why does he pull up his right leg hastily in that manner?

Vain-gl. My Lord, it is the custom of Changelings. I should think it were, because he belongs to other Parents, and his right foot intends a nimble motion towards them.

Lucif. Pretty Cozen, Is that your Mother?

Dor. No: She is a Gentleman's Wife in the City here.

Lucif. Gentleman's Wife, and my loving Cozen, how do you? *Ha, ha, he.*

Vain-gl. Well I thank you, fool.

Lucif. Cozen, Cozen: have you made a fool of me, that you call me so? *Ha, ha, ha.*

Vaing. No, no: I am thy Friend. I shall help to the filling of thy Basket.

Lucif. I thank you, Cozen Fool.

Vaing. I perceive, we must not call him fool.

L. Lib. No. The veriest Fools think themselves the wisest.

Lucif. I, I, Lord Cozen, that's the reason that so many rich and great men think themselves so wise. Lord Cozen, let me ask you a simple question without offence.

L. Lib. Speak freely.

Lucif. I will, Lord Cozen. My simple question is: whether it be possible to make a fool of a Lord? *Ha, ha, ha.*

L. Lib. Why truly, a man may make a Lord of a Fool: But it is not ordinary to make a Fool of a Lord, except it be of such a Lord as was made a Lord of a Fool.

Lucif. Right, Lord Cozen, very right. My back-part itches, Lord Cozen: some good is coming towards me.

L. Lib. Thou art a Fool in grain, an unmannerly Fool. He comes a gooding. Nice. Take in the fool with you, and load his basket with good Provision; then send him packing. Madam, pray refresh your self a little farther before you leave us.

Vaing. My Lord, you are noble.

Dor. Come, Cozen.

Lucif. I, I, pretty Cozen. Pretty Cozen, I will follow you close. *M^r. Dorothea*, a word of advertisement: the next time, I come as a Chimney-sweeper; afterwards as a Tinker.

Dor. I understand you. And you shall only sweep my Chimney; mend and scour my Kettle.

Exempt.

Act. 4. Scene 5.

*S^r John Wit-little asleep on a Couch:
the Boy standing by.*

*Enter F. Robert in his habit of a Monk,
with Writings.*

Rob. I am restor'd hither from *Paris*. And though the Jesuits, Jesuitically call me the Benedictines Carrier, because I convey Boyes and Maids out of *England* to holy places, that is, Monasteries and Nunneries, yet in truth I am an honourable Procuratour for the Benedictines. I have put on my habit here, that I might appear the more venerable to this Knight, whose vast Estate we sit brooding upon, that we may bring it into the light ours. The Writings are here drawn, and he is answerable to us, by the procurement of this good Boy, both in Religion, and all our other Desires. We intend him for one of our Monasteries abroad: that he, like the Eagle hovering over the Emperour's Corps, yeilded up and exposed to the funeral Flames, may be elevated from the Earth towards Heaven, while his Estate perishes from him under him. It will suit more analogically, according to Logick with us, than with him. Our Vocation is more high, our lives are more holy, our Persons are sacred. Besides, we have reform'd his Soul, for the which, his Estate, though great, is but a small payment: If he were able to exonerate both the Indies into our laps, he could not requite us worthily. Our Abby of *Lambspring* we subtilly recover'd from the *Lutherans*: we fool'd a doting old Abbot with false Alarums out of *England*, till he invest'd us in our Colledge at *Doway*: Our *Parisian* House we purchas'd by setting a Death's-Head, or the Head of a carrion Calf, upon a Man's

Man's Body: Our House at *Dulworth* we bought with a portion of a Ghost-led Maid, who now lies near us there, afflicted upon our alms, and repents of her mistaken Charity. Our Priory at *St Mal-lus* came feather'd by a French Merchant, whom we piously inveigled to his undoing, and afterwards inserted, though a forreign Plant, into our holy Congregation. And if this fair Estate be added upon a particular and enclosed account, it will nobly support us in *England*: and we shall be congenerous and homogeneous (I never went beyond Logick) with our selves.

He wakes.

Lucifug. *St John*, you have well slept.

Wit-l. My Angel-fac'd Boy, I dreamt of thee; thou tak'st up all my Thoughts; thou begin'st, thou endest, and thou art my whole Business.

Lucifug. Reverend Father, pray shew *St John* the Writings.

Rob. Here they are, *St John*.

Wit-l. I, I, I, take all, and more than all. I'll set my Hand and Seal to the Writings.

Rob. Good *St John* grants all, while you syllogize: I speak not beyond Logick; when I had learn'd the Fallacies, I had learn'd enough.

Wit-l. My only bliss is to move after the steerage of my dear Boy.

Rob. *St John*, when you are dead, you will find your Lands again in another Countrey with advantage.

Wit-l. I doubt it not, Reverend Father; you speak Oracles, I sacrifice to you. Take all, reserv'd that I may not dis-anchor from the love of my snow and milky-fac'd Boy: His face is the milky way that leads to *Jupiter's* Throne.

Rob. *St John*, our most charitable, and our most noble Benefactor, by virtue of these writings, when they have their

Pass from your hand and seal, your whole Estate is by you given and made over to a faithfull friend of ours, that negotiates for us.

Wit-l. Even to whom you please.

Rob. Had I the least dram or grain of Conscience, this should not be done. The man is *Civiliter mortuus*, as the Lawyer-tongue it, defunct and dead in Law: he is not himself. If one write a Will or Testament, and hold the Pen with a dead Man's hand, that Will will not hold in Law: It was not his Will; because it was not written by him, with Virtue derived from any principle of life in him. Some Law I have: No man can cheat *ad unguem*; quickly and neatly, without a little knowledge of Law. But peace barking Dog, Conscience, Peace; check me not. Quodlibetical Brains have Consciences of all sorts and sizes, large, little, short-wasted. Then *St John*, you will ratifie and confirm these Writings before witnesses.

Wit-l. Yes, if my dear Boy speak Angel-lik, and say I.

Rob. And you will retire immediately to a Monastery.

Wit-l. I remit all to my fair Boy's candid Breast.

Rob. Then I have well preach'd: enough for this time. As the great Scarlet-train'd Cardinal at *Rome*, the Son of a Fisherman, when he had gain'd possession of the *Porphyry*-Chair, remov'd the Net, which he had formerly set in view, as a Memorial of his low Parentage; mottoing his action with these pithy words, The Fish is caught. *Exeunt.*

Act. 4. Scene 6.

Enter Aristotle Junior with a long Beard, and poor in Apparel.

Arist. Delicious *London*, once more I

salute thee. Thy buildings are now gloriously beautifull; if my eyes may licence for thee. Here dwells Simplicity, here Justice is enthron'd. O People of *England*; learn your own Happinesse, your earthly Happinesse drops and distils from your own hands. Be obedient, and conform to the good and easie Laws here; and you comprize more than the Happinesse of all the other Fortunate Ilands; *Arabia* the Happy is not so happy, and fragrant as your Countrey. Knew ye the slavish condition of *France*, the beggery of *Spain*, the buggery of *Italy*, *Spain*, and *France*, the general wickedness of all the world, ye would quietly sit down, every one at his own Door, and calmly say, Heaven be blessed that I was born in little *England*. Here all Persons are free, breathe freely, eat comfortably, use freely and fully their own. Where is it so besides here? Now ye are in joynt again, stand *Atlas*-firm, bear up your little Heaven of quiet here: or as ye are now the most happy, ye will be otherwise the most despicable and most unhappy of all Nations. The natural desire a man has of self-preservation, like adverse Wind and Tyde, lately cast me back into *France*, and the *English* Monks there, the sordid idle Monks, more than impal'd me in the Bastille, because I threatened to impound them here, as detaining from me a fair Sum of my own Monys most due to me. And to guild, to varnish, to burnish this their unhew'd, ragged, and rugged Action, they plyde my story with lies of Defense, lies of Offence, lies with heads, but not with feet, lies with feet, but not with heads, lies with neither head nor foot, lies whisper'd, and loud lies. O ye Scholars of our most renowned Universities, set bounds to your feet, and limits to your Thoughts: I was my Fa-

thers eldest Son, and Heir to a comfortable Estate of Houses and Lands; and I threw all behinde me, to be cheated, most religiously cheated by secular Priests, Jesuites, Monks, Friars, but amongst all these godly Cheaters, the Monk is the Grandee, the *Pontifex maximus*, the first and Universal Bishop. Two years he held me now fast in Prison, in a loathed Prison: and after the Business was made publick here by my private Letters, clear'd me of the Prison, but unwillingly, but conditionally that I should be confin'd there all my life: I consented in the lip: Afterwards pleading that my Body was greatly disorder'd in respect of health, desir'd a few dayes wherein to physick it (I meant with a better Air,) and in that little Tract of Time wherein it was supposed I took Physick, halted privately to *Diep*, a Port-Town in *France*, where I found sixteen *English* Monks attending the Passage-Boat: they prevented my Passage with them, and posted away Letters to *Paris*, soliciting that I should be kept; but the *Hugonots* of *Diep* pass'd me over the night following. In all their Houses in those transmarine parts, there are none left but boyes and old Men; hither they are all come. The greatest Crocodile was at first harbour'd in an Egge, which is *Panlo majus aserius*, a little bigger than a Goose-egg. And yet, the Crocodile is a Devourer of Men: and when, being horror-struck, these cannot weep for themselves, mockingly weeps over them, grows huge, and on to the last period of life, and is different, not a little from the Goose, in shape, substance, colour, manners, though they favour one another in the Egg. No sensual Creature spreads so so vast a bignesse, from so small beginnings, as this Egg-Crocodile. In

two years I had not the benefit of a fresh Shirt. I had preserv'd some rich Goods from the ravenous Officers who took me: And *John Baptista Pallier*, the President of *Nearry* in France, my fellow-prisoner, who desired and undertook to secure them for me at his own house, secur'd them there indeed, but from me, and for himself, he, being in account a person of Honour, and I indeed a wrongfully and poor imprison'd stranger. Another French Prisoner wearied me oftentimes, with desiring me that he might use my body Sodomitically. The Frenchmen say: *Omnis Jesuita aut Magnus aut Sodomita*, Every Jesuite is a Magitian or a Sodomite: This I know not; the other, experience brought home to me. Upon

composed and most deliberate thoughts, I set up this resolution like a Colossus: I will yield up my life on a Gallows here, before I will set my foot again where proud *Rome* does Mistris it: because her Vassals are more than heathenishly cruel, more unclean than Turks and Indians. *London*, I joyfully kiss thy ground, which others kick and tread upon: allow me a Grave here: Thy air seems to me perfum'd: and I am now, as it were, born again.

*Distressed Body, Rack of the Bastille,
Now were the Monks and Jesuites that
kill.* Exit.

Finis Actus quarti.

Act 5. Scene 1.

Mrs. Dorothy at the Window.

Der. **T**He good man, and my blessed Father, now a *Benedictine*, has been twice more with me, first Chimney-sweeper, then Tinker-like, he has perform'd his part to the last and least point of Action; and all the money is gone with him, by a most cleanly conveyance. In my thinking, since he went *Benedictine*, he has publickly more of of Saint in his face, and reaches farther and is more active privately. This is the Now of Time, wherein he promis't to come, and divert our household here, that they being held by the eyes, and amused in their Fancies, I might make my escape, and steer towards a Nunnery.

Enter Lucifer, leading an Apt.

There he comes. Blessed Man, he keeps close to his Time.

Lucifer. The Silk-Worm, *They make* and the Spider, both work, *signs. She* and both, out of their own *departs.* bowels and substance. So far they work together. Now they differ in their working. One of them only works substantially. The Spider works for his own private end and gain, (great gain to gain a little Flye.) The Silk-Worm for others. The Spider works a poor, thin, weak, black, idle Web; the Silk-Worm a rich, fair, Silken Substance. The conclusion falls thus, The Spiders work is swept, and swept, swept down, and swept.

swept away, the work of the Silk-Worm is a Courtier, and acceptable to Princes. Ideal in Thousands, I work for the Religious Brethren in our Abby of *Lamb-Spring*, and in our Monasteries of *Dewey, Paris, Dulwari, St. Mallos*: These will feed fat, and pray for me when I am lean and rotten.

Enter L. Liberal, with a staff in his hand, and a Page after him.

L. Lib. A walk to the Royal Exchange and home again, will beget me a good appetite to my supper. Now Friend, what's your business here?

Lucifer. My very good Lord, no great business: But, if it please you, my Lord: that is: if it be not offensive to your Lordship: that is: if your good Lordship thinks it convenient: that is: if your Honour deem honourably of it: that is.

L. Lib. Speak, friend, leave shaking of thy head, and speak.

Lucifer. That is.

L. Lib. Away with that *That is*, do not retard your business.

Lucifer. I would make your Honours Servants a little Pastime, my Lord: I, and my bonny Beast here. An old Ape has an old eye, my Lord.

L. Lib. Well, well, if this be all, we shall agree. The Times are now quiet again, I thank Heaven: and my House is a house of singular freedom, and of Entertainment as free as Noble. But what can you and your Ape do?

Lucifer. Do? Rather, what can we not do, my Lord? We can Dance, Capper, Curvet, shew Tricks of all sorts, fashions, conditions: drink whole Boles, play at Cards, Dice, Tables: fight at back-Sword, single-Rapier, at Sword and Dagger, quarter-Staff: (my Ape's an expert Fencer, my Lord,) run a Tilt; sing

Prick't-Song: shew you a Maid (and that's a wonder, my Lord,) and shew you a Maid that goes for a Maid, and is not a Maid, (and my Lord, that's no wonder at all:) If your Lordship has a Thief or a Drunkard amongst your Servants, my Ape will bring him forth. An old Ape has an old eye, my Lord.

L. Lib. A nimble-pated Fellow. Go in, Friend: Tell my Servants I gave you leave to enter my house. I intended a walk: but if I hear my Servants are pleas'd with your Pastime, I'll come and be your Spectator myself.

Lucifer. My Lord, your more than thrice humble servants, I and my Ape. An old Ape has an old eye, my Lord. *Exit Lucifer.*

L. Lib. Go thy way: thou dost outwit the Ape, I warrant thee. O my poor Nice, if she were reduc'd, I should be merrier, more debonnaire, and more delighted with such sights than I am. Men have learned the way of changing bitter Almond-trees into sweet ones: which is: they pierce them near to the root, and let forth the bitter juyce: so these bitter-hearted *Romanists* should let their perverse and sower inclinations forth, at the root of their Hearts, and become of bitter, better. The Priests, whose actions are as dirty as their thoughts are foul, have wrought this irrecoverable mischief in my house: The Physicians, that they may draw the vapours from the head of the Patient, apply Pigeons to the soles of his feet: If these seven-hill'd Saints would walk innocently, and with Pigeons at their feet, they would not be troubled with such gross and idle fumes in their Brains as they are. They do not consider, that the Life of man is a very Bubble: A Bubble puts on the form of an Hemisphere: And shadowing half the world,

world, as being an Hemisphere; it accordingly consists of two Elements; It is Air within, which is invisible for its Rarity; and without, a thinne-shap'd Skinne of Water; and there is all the Bubble. The Air deciphers our soul, and the watery skin, our body: the skin presently breaks: the Aire as presently breaks loose, and there is a present end of the Bubble.

A shouting and laughing within of men and women.

There's my invitation. I would not let desire loose to range through the world, like a wilde-As in the Arabian Desert; but honest recreations are the Didacticks of humane providence. *Exit L. Liberal.*

Page. The servants are all met to view the Sport which the Ape and his Master make, and I must be their Ape, imitate them, and adde to the number.

Enter Mrs. Dorothy.

Der. This idle *Page* obstructs my way.

Page. Mrs. *Dorothy*, with your faire leave, you know that all the Servants are charg'd to acquaint my Lord, if you stir out of the house, as now you have, or beyond the Garden.

Der. Pretty Boy hold thy peace, thou wert alwayes my friend, there's a piece for thee. Delay the search after me, till I have pass'd this street and the next.

Page. Madam, I shall not be wanting to your design. *Exit Mrs. Der.*

She's gone. I must keep silence now, or go too. *A loud laughing within.*

My Lord Liberal at the Door.

L. Lib. *Page*, where are you?

Page. Here, my Lord.

L. Lib. Call my Nice down: tell her, here's very pretty sport. *He disappears.*

Page. I go, my Lord, I move as quick as lightning. I have sent in an English

Author of a melancholy-she that thought she could break to pieces, the whole world with the motion of one short finger; and crush it into a Miscellany with the clintching of her little hand. Mrs. *Dorothy* thinks now, that she has the great world in her little maiden hands, to dispose of as she list. Liberty is sweet, especially after a long and tedious time of restraint. The Bird out of the Cage, is like the Bird that saw the Sea, turn'd and made a long flight the clean contrary way: she wings it in the Air, at length, weary, perches upon a Bough, and sings for joy, she is not bounded. *A laughing within, yet louder.*

Lord Within, Page, why Page, Page I say.

Page. My Lord.

Lord. Where's my Nice? why comes she not?

Page. She is not in her Chamber, my Lord. I am going to the Garden: she's there, my Lord, I think.

Lord. Make hast, *Page*.

Page. All the hast I make, shall not overtake Mrs. *Dorothy*. And hast thou given me a twenty shilling piece, sweet Virgin? I'll keep it for thy sake; and it shall conserve the Idea of thee in my thoughts. She must be now out of reach, or in some nearness to it. *Laughing and shouting within.*

Lord within, Page.

Page. Let him call again, 'twill open his pipes.

Lord. *Page* you Rogue.

Page. I will not answer to the name of Rogue: let him call once more.

Lord. *Page*, my Nice.

Page. My Lord, I cannot see her in the Garden. The Privy door is shut. But I shut it.

Enter

Enter Lord Liberal.

L. Lib. How? is she not in her Chamber? nor to be seen in the Garden? She never staid so long in the little House there. Servants, search all the house. Go Page, kick forth that rascal-fellow with the Ape O my Nice, my Nice. *A wife within of searching.* *Exit Page.*

Servants, search every corner, every Rat and Mouse-hole.

Enter Lucifer, and the Page kicking him.

Lucifer. Good Mr. Page, kick not so hard.

Page. Not just so hard, but harder if I can. Our, you ditch and dunghill rascal; foh; I have kick't him till he stinks again.

L. Lib. Let me give him one kick. He is a Rogue by Act of Parliament: foh: He or his Ape stinks, or both.

Lucifer. Good my Lord, spare me. Why then did your Lordship admit a Rogue into your house.

L. Lib. Take another kick for that, you profes't Rogue.

Page. I must bid you farewell with a parting kick. *Exit Lucifer.*

From within thro' several ways.

From within. She is not in this Chamber. Here she is not, I cannot find her this way.

L. Lib. Poysie her Trunks, and answer presently what weight they bear.

Within. That's done already, my Lord: there's nothing in them.

L. Lib. I am undone: my Nice is lost, she is lost. Had she the invisible Ring? or did she send her money away by night through the Air, as Witches ride? I'll search all the house my self, and add the evidence of my own senses. O this cursed Ape-Carrier; he has embroil'd us all, he

was at least the occasion of her escape, if she be gone. *Exit.*

Act 5. Scene 2.

Enter Madam Hypocrisis, Mrs. Dorothy, Priety.

Hyp. Mrs. Dorothy. I speak your welcome to this house, I dare say, with a matchless affection. Here you may dilate your heart, such dangers as you fear, cannot reach hither. And you will find no rigid Uncle here.

Der. Madam, I equally enjoyce in my own liberty and your love. But whereas I had so much of the Schollar given to me in my breeding, that I understand above the plain of learning, and therefore have long ago done with legitimating heresie, or crutching it up, or skinning it over with hypocrisie; whereas I cannot converse with Blackamore-soul'd Atheists, or with Dwarf-devotion'd Hypocrites: cannot attend to Pulpit-Cymbalists, (let them stand for me in a perpetual Pantrastie, in the Solstice of their Honour;) nor to the Tub-Prophets, living under the Meridian of bitter-sweet, under the Equinoctial of good and evil; nor disquiet the Crisis of my Soul with the new-fangled Presbyter and his painted Pageantry, and manifold Anticks: Whereas I cannot embalm him, nor pity and condole with his surviving Amos and Fantasticks: it reils in the Repository, that I give life to my zealous Determinations, and repair to a Nunnery, to the which the beauty of that state lures me.

Hyp. Mrs. Dorothy. The Angels sit on your lips, and speak from your mouth, or the Nightingale sings there. Bring your thoughts forth, while they are warm. The image of a Prince is then impressed upon the Gold, when it is melting-soft. I see

see, that you are excellently skill'd in the sacred Opticks; and have a seeing soul, that never knows night: A Looking-Glass set against the Sun, not only receives the Beams of the Sun, but also the Image of it.

Dir. Madam, the Ostrich leaves her Eggs on the *Libyan* shore, to be hatch'd by the Sun, but I must contrue to my own happiness. Besides, In the Nunnery I shall be wholly disenchanted from these fears, and from communication with those heady people, who precipitate themselves into more changes than the Beast and Herb-Charadeons in the Naturalist, or *Pyrrhus* in the Fiction; yea, become as the soul of man in the opinion of some great Pretenders to learning; which is, say they, round and globous in the head, long in the arms, broad in the breast; and as the light is indeed, round in the Sun, in the fire Pyramidal. Now they have no reason to object change against me; because they have so often changed from themselves.

Hyp. Mistress, There are in view as many subjects of change, as there are creatures under the Moon: Because earthly and inferior bodies are by the Laws of nature, subjected to the bodies that are superior and heavenly: which being in continual Motion and Revolution, and continually changing in their Positions and Aspects, and moreover, darting as they move with and in their spheres, new influences upon the Sublunaries, make new impressions upon them accordingly. But your change was effected from above the Moon, and was Heavenly in the highest degree.

Dir. Madam, I perceive that our breeding hath incircled us in a like proportion of knowledge. The soul it self is changed from without by the presentation of

external and occasional Objects, and from within by the Passions, and is driven every way by them, as the Waves by the Winds, indeed, primordially and principally by love, the Amazon-Queen of the Passions; afterwards by her Bride-maids, *Desire* and *Hope*; yea, by *Anger*, *Love's* Champion. And then the changes are good or evil, as the objects are evil or good; concerning which these Passions are excited; and as the carriage of the Passions in their tendencies, is ordinate, (managed by a prudent and pious Ordination) or disordinate: The Sea breaking its bounds, is boundless mischief. To wade nearer our affair: The best change of the soul, answerable to man as a reasonable creature, and within the Dominions of nature, is, when the moral virtues in it, are directed and guided by Prudence, and every Action impour'd by some virtue, because the Passions are obedient to reason. Nature is higher perfected by degrees: but of that I will speak in the Nunnery.

Hyp. You give plentiful testimony, that you understand the business before you, and that you are well rooted and grounded in it.

Enter Lucifer in a gentle Habit.

Lucifer. O my most sugar and honey-child, my spirit leaps in my body like the Lamb in a good Pasture, to find thee here. Thy Gold is all safe: The entire summe, my pretty Duckling, amounts to five thousand pounds. But I have a request to thee. Fair one; a most humble request, incomparable beauty. (It is a Rule we have, and we act by it, good words put us to no charge: hence we get all we can, but we part from nothing.) What saist thou, fairest of Maids, Saint upon earth, canst thou grant me a reasonable request?

Dor. Reverend Father, I shall grant it; if it fall within my Verge: I am ready to give it passage by my ears to any willing soul.

Lucifer. Why this it is then, devout Mrs. *Dorothy*, (that name most proportions your condition, (you go now to undergo a poor life, and it is essential to your future state, that you grow poverty: The Nuns seldom receive with a Novice above five hundred Pounds, (it is a great summe for them) you have five thousand: Divine Mrs. *Dorothy*, give us the rest: and we will found a new Monastery; you shall be set up before the Gate as the Foundresse of it, I mean your Image; and the Monks there shall continually pray for zealous Mrs. *Dorothy*, now, hereafter, and so the worlds end.

Dor. Reverend Father, your Request is, as you languag'd it, reasonable: it is granted.

Lucifer. O heavenly creature, I adore thy Devotion. O that we were all, or the best of us, so devout as thou art. Thou mak'st the tears go ambling down my cheeks: tears of Comfort. I am comforted, that thou hast one foot in Heaven already. I am Mathematically certain, as the Schools speak, that the tother will follow: I am more than morally certain, and almost certain by physical certitude: and I cannot but leap for joy, for joy that the tother foot will certainly follow. To Heaven, to Heaven, 'tis even so; a Maid to Heaven does easily go, for joy what I say. I scarcely know. I forget. Mistress of my heart, give way to my expression, I have given order to Father *Robert* to go to your Uncle in the disguise

of a Seaman; and to say that he saw you take Shipping at *Gravesend*, and saile under the Conduct of a good Wind for *France*: Otherwise, Sweetheart, pardon my boldnesse, he will say waite for you at the Port-Towns: when he shall believe, and is satisfied, that you are gone, and the search is blown over, you shall away indeed with safety.

Dor. This invention is steep'd in Prudence. Reverend Father, I am a great admirer of your wisdom.

Lucifer. In fine: We must now be merry. It is reckon'd amongst our customs, that when we send any to Monasteries, Nunneries, or the like, they take their last leaves of the world with extraordinary jollity; and so must you: We'll be jovially merry before we part. Madam, where's your little Cozen? (the Girl that I begot of thy body, when I kept my Rule, and look't not beyond my own length, or the length of my Grave,) let us begin our Carnival with a Song.

Hyp. Pretty, Call my Cozen. *Exit Pretty.*

Lucifer. They may honestly be merry, who afterwards presently renounce all mirth. He who saies, that fraud cannot be pious, nor piety fraudulent, is an Ass, a short ear'd Ass, and was never bottom'd in Schoole Divinity.

Enter a young Maid, and Pretty.

My little Cozen, pleasure us now with a Song, and you bid us over to kiss your hands. (*She sings.*) As much to the purpose as you can.

Exeunt

Farewell

Vain pleasures, and short-lasting joys farewell,

The sacred Bill

Calls to repairs unto the holy Place.

The Peace

Of quiet Conscience gives a full release

To love, the Thing we have nothing but a face.

Hear how

The blessed Angels sing, and us invite

To their desire.

The Birds are here, ye, very near,

And call us to the sacred

For if

We are estranged from these earthly Things,

Our Hearts will rise,

Our Heads

Will also move and raise our Love

Above the fiery Sea,

All Things are fading here, ev'n as the Flower,

In our short hour,

And glide away, but Heaven doth not so.

There look

There read as in a golden-letter'd Book,

How you mis took,

And did miscounter all the Things below

You know

Then better mind your lesson here on earth,

That you may see,

How vain they are, who only care

For this mortality.

And now

Examine all your Actions from your Birth,

With joy, with grief;

It is a Heart, that feels some smart,

Which farther seeks relief,

Hence comes

Go search into the Secrets of Affairs;

No man more shares

Of Heav'n and Things above the Firmament,

Then this

Who do themselves within themselves entangle,

As the Chaff Rife,

Blowing outright ev'n when we idly sleep,

Or said,

Fearing to be killed by open Air

And therefore shut

Around all sin, thoughts, words, &c.

As Kernel in the Nut.

And then

Thou shalt find Heaven's afflicting people are,

And so will be,

Like Pearls in Shells; in Churches Bells.

Be heard, misdeeds, or feel

Lucifer. Directly to the purpose.

Mistress Dorinda, England's Helix for
beauty: my Cozen levels at your favour.

Dor. She has her aim. She sings like a
little Nun.

Lucifer. Three or four dayes we con-
secrate to mirth.

Dor. Our Prologue to it has been
sweet.

Lucifer. To singing, dancing, feasting,
Vaing. Betwixt falling and feasting,
there is but the difference of one poor let-
ter; we may readily slip out of one into
the other.

Lucifer. Come dear Friends, follow
me merrily, merrily. *He*
leaps and laughs.

Actus. Scen. 3.

Enter L. Liberal.

L. Lib. My Cozen is married, and I
fear flown beyond catch. Beyond reco-
very. Had she been within my Wife,
and but as big as a new-born child, or a
childe's Baby, I had found her; but she
cannot here be found, who is not here.
What shall I do? No, that will be to Inn
at the Labour in vain. Something I have
brought forth, under what Star I know
not: I will send to all the Port-Towns
that are near, chance may be so gracious
to me, that I may take her in one of

them at the rebound, at the second run.
If I catch her, I shall cage her compani-
ons.

Enter Page.

Page. My Lord, a poor Sea-man at
the door, is very earnest to speak with
your Lordship. He talks of business,
and that of no small importance, and he
says, he must not, as being a poor man,
send his business by an Interpreter.

L. Lib. A Sea-man? and with im-
portant business? send him to me.

Exit Page.

Most certainly, my Cozen cannot
reach the Sea so soon: that is not wing'd
at her feet like a bird. He may be a
poor man, that has had great losses at
Sea, and comes a begging; if so, he
will be a fit Subject of charity, and libe-
rality: indeed the whole have chid and
below'd long since.

Enter F. Robert, like a Sea-man.

Seaman, What wind blew you hither?

Rob. May it please your Lordship, an
angry wind, may it please your Lord-
ship, a roaring and raging wind, may it
please your Lordship, may it please your
Lordship.

L. Lib. I thought so, I did imagine
it was a begging business: it pleases not
me, that you were troubled with an an-
gry

pleas'd, may it please or not please your Lordship, twenty-score thanks for your twenty shillings, may it please or not please your most liberal Lordship, *exit* *Tristram*.

I had forgot half my Atrant, may it please your Lordship. I lost my memory when I was cast away, may it please your Lordship. We having lost one Virgin at the Rivers mouth, may it please your Lordship, I found another at the tail of the salt water, may it please your Lordship. Now I come to Mistress *Dorothy*, may...

L. Lib. My Coxen *Dorothy*, what of her?

Rob. May it please your Lordship.

L. Lib. No, no, she does not please my Lordship. Once more I tell you, lop that off.

Rob. Then I shall speak no more of her, may it please your Lordship.

L. Lib. Again? yes, yes, on with Mistress *Dorothy*.

Rob. Why then, may it please your Lordship.

L. Lib. Yes again?

Rob. My Lord, in good earnest, my Lord, I am but a simple Idiot: I cannot tell you the Story, except you suffer me to tell it after my manner: I must go in my beaten road, steer my own course, my Lord.

L. Lib. Tell it then after thy manner.

Rob. May it please your Lordship, Mrs *Dorothy* took shipping at *Gravesend*, yesterday morning at five of the Clock, may it please your Lordship. The Seamen, my Brethren that belong'd to the vessel, presently weigh'd Anchor, the wind was fair for her, as fair as she, may it please your Lordship, and so it has held, and by this time she must needs be in *Holland*, or in *France*, may it please

your Lordship, may it please your Lordship.

L. Lib. But how camest thou to know she was my Niece *Dorothy*, and to be directed thither?

Rob. May it please your Lordship, I begg'd of her, as I now do of your Lordship, and told her I was going beyond *London* a great way to my Friends in the Countrey, may it please your Lordship, and presently she put her white hand into her pocket, and pull'd forth two half crowns, and gave them to me, may it please your Lordship, and made me promise her, that I would bring thither her Duty to your Lordship, and this news with it, may it please your Lordship, may it please your Lordship. Moreover, she gave me a Token for your Lordship.

L. Lib. A Token? thou gav'st me no Token (where's the Token?)

Rob. May it please your Lordship: a Token, by the which your Lordship should know, that it was she, concerning a strange man and an Ape, but that I have almost forgot, because the best part of my memory was cast away when I was drown'd, may it please your Worship, Lordship I should have said. Now you have both ends of my Story, there is all, if it like your Lordship, if it like your Lordship.

L. Lib. None of it likes me. By all signs and tokens this must be she. Then all farther enquiry will be vain, and run upon a false Bias. Seaman, here, I give thee a Crown more for thy fidelity.

Rob. May it please your Lordship, I came with Fidelity, and I shall depart with Fidelity, and perhaps that will deserve a Crown more, may it please your Lordship, and it like your Lordship. My Lord frowns, I must be gone. *Exit Seaman.*

L. Lib.

*L. Lib. My Cares left from me, found
by a Stall:*

He lives hereafter my own Recollect.

Fais L. Lib

Act. 5. Scen. 4.

Enter Aristotle Junior well-appeal'd.

Arist. I have seen a Sight here, perhaps not unusual, yet strange to me: a Mountebank in this blind and uncouth part of the Suburbs, upon a common Stall. I took him for a Ballad-singer, till I came neer him: but finding him afterwards to be a Mountebank, I waited upon the sequel. He had his paints, his white and red for women; his powders of all colours; his perfumes, mixt and simple; his salves for all sores and griefs, he could abate the Drunkards redness, and fire in his face, and raise a pale colour to beauty, from within: he could awake Appetite, set a man to sleep, by assenature as he pleas'd: He could furnish a man or woman with new teeth, new eyes, new ears, new noses, new arms, new legs: I expected when he would have said, new Heads, new Hearts. If my Ears scout it rightly for my Soul, I heard him say, that he could restore a lost Maiden-head. He spake contemptibly of drinking poisons: that, said he, the common Rabble and Rubbish of Mountebanks, the vile Offal of Quack-salvers can do. He supplid us with a Story of one *Bartholomew* an Author of Sedition amongst the old Jews, who so medicin'd his mouth, and manag'd a device in it, that he seem'd to vomit fire; and he profes't upon the Reputation of a Gentleman, that he had the Receipt: He put on with another Example of a man at *Afikon* an Italian City, who wash'd his face and hands

with scalding lead, as carelessly and as confidently, as a man washeth his hands and face with ordinary water; having first wash'd them with an extraordinary, new-found, and hardening water of his own: And of this water he protested as he was an Artist, he had a great Quantity. We had from him a whole fardle of such stuff. To all People that bought of his Trash to the value of Twelve-pence, he gave a printed Bill, designing the Place where he lies, and the manifold motions and own-walkings of his skill. I stood in the crowd while he staid upon the Stall; and when he came down and level'd himself with the People, I observ'd that speaking with several Persons, he did insinuate these or the like words, All men have a natural care of their Bodies, but who regards his own Soul? If a simple Assé falls in the streets, many wise men run to lift the simple Assé up; but if a Man's Heart or Soul lies wallowing in the dirt, such a Soul or Heart is not regarded; pray, come to my lodging: these words had their mysterious aim. Now this metaphysical Doctor, this all-able Mountebank with all his packs, and his knacks, is the *Benedictine* Jesuite, whom I have us'd, and by whom I have been manifoldly abus'd. As I take it, he takes this way. The Bastille has chang'd me, and I believe he knows me not. I toss'd a word or two with him as he pass'd.

Enter Lucifet like a Mountebank.

Lucif. Our Army is vanish'd, our Conventicles are quell'd and suppress'd: and we must be doing, be Soul-catching: By idleness the dead Sea has been long found dangerous. The Intelligencies alwayes move the Heavens: the Windes the Air and Sea: Fire is never out of

Action. Besides, *Vespaian* the Emperor was wise; *Dulci in odore lucris ex re qualibet*: Thus alwayes something comes in, and something has some favour. The *Spaniards* wittily, and with a Sarcastic call the Jesuits, *Los Teatinos*, y *los Padres Teatinos*, the Teatines, and the Teatine Fathers; from this Account: A *Spanish* Painter being scandal-struck by the Covetousness of the Jesuits, drew a Picture after this manner: He hung in the uppermost Part of his Table, a vast Purse of Mony: He set round about it, in the lower parts; one of every sort of Mendicant Friars; who looked upwards willingly, yea devoutly upon it, but durst not touch it, as being forbidden by the Rules of their several Orders: He painted a Jesuite in some distance, armed with a Bow and Arrows, and looking over (and indeed over-reaching) the poor Mendicants: For, he held up his Bow, and had let his Arrow fly, which had struck the Mark (the Purse) and now stuck in it; he still keeping a fierce and eager eye upon the Mark: And the Painter had learnedly derived these Latin words from his mouth, hanging as if the cold Air had frozen them into a Record, *Teatinos*, O Purse, I reach thee, I hit thee, I have thee: whence the *Spaniards*, being edified by the devotion of the Painter, and the holiness of the Picture, presently call'd the Jesuits, *Los Teatinos*, the *Spanish* word coming up as neerly as it may, to the Latine, from which the *Spanish* Language hath deviated: But the Painter had excellently compleated his Piece, had he pictured our modern *English* Monk catching away the Purse, for which all the others gap'd, and which the Jesuite thought he had heart-struck.

Arif. Sir, I am a most humble Petitioner to you.

Lucif. Where's your Petition?

Arif. My mouth presents it, Sir.

Lucif. My ears are open to receive it.

Arif. That I may have leave to love you, and be your Scholar. I have been your Hearer, and you have transform'd me into a great Lover and Honourer of you.

Lucif. What are your wants?

Arif. I am wanting both in Soul and Body, Sir.

Lucif. I can supply the wants of both: both I cure.

Arif. Divine Mountebank!

Lucif. Come to my Chamber.

Arif. Pray, favour me with leave to wait upon you thither.

Lucif. Most willingly. Exit.

Act. 5. Scene 5.

Enter F. Robert, a Woman, a Boy.

Rob. Ye are both apt Scholars. But you, Boy, must learn to open your mouth wider, when the fit's upon you.

Boy. I open it as wide as I can, good Father.

Rob. Take this Apple, and extend your mouth to the wideness of the Apple: 'Tis of a fit bigness. And you, Woman, when you act the posselt person, do not flare enough: your eyes must always be rounded into a larger Circle, but then especially. And if any be immodest towards you, you must not take notice of it, at such a time, but rather shew willingness, because the Devil, under whose power you are then conceiv'd to groan and lie grav'd, is delighted with wantonness.

W. Reverend Father, you have taught me obedience, and I shall practise it.

Rob. Boy, I am very much pleas'd with your vomiting of nails, crooked pins, needles, hair, pibble stones, and the like:

Your

Your conveyance is nimble. Both of you must be careful, that ye do not go aside into any strangeness of Action, except a Priest, or at least some devout Person of our Religion offer himself. The Devil is not rous'd up with the presence of Hereticks. In the company of such, and none but such, you should demean your selves quietly and cheerfully.

Enter Lucifer and Aristotle Junior.

Lucif. I understand your condition. You are an Heretick: you shall know better within a Cubit of Time. This is my dwelling; and that my loving Brother, Father Robert, this Gentleman is an Heretick and a Scholar, but a kind of Seeker.

Rob. Woman, Boy, the Stranger is an Heretick: while we are here, you know your parts.

Arist. This is Father Robert: but I thank the Bastille (against my will) he knows me not. What strange and unreasonable carriage have this Woman and Boy.

Lucif. Alas, miserable and unhappy Creatures, they are posselt.

Arist. How posselt?

Rob. Posselt with Devils.

Lucif. Sir, you seem in the shell, in the face or fore-head, to be well affected towards us, or at least less ill-affected, and less indispos'd to Goodness. I confess to you, as to a Friend, prompted by the Bird of good Omen within me, that I and my Brother there, have been catechiz'd at Rome, and that we are *Benedictine* Priests. Sir, our Order is the most ancient, and most holy of all others: the Devil is troubled that we are station'd so neer him: If you were here alone, the Devil would lie down, leave barking, and be quiet as a Lamb, because you are yet abstracted from the lines of Communication with us.

Arist. I am as much Priest as they, for Priesthood cannot be lost, but they are ignorant of it, because they have lost my face out of their remembrance. In good time, Sir. But under favour, I have read in your Authors, that the occasion other Orders rose, was, because the Monks were defective in that part, which the new rising Order most profess: as that the *Dominicans* rose, because the Monks were Kitchen-bound, and their mouths were stop'd, they became dumb and muzzl'd in publick; good men, they dealt out their time in eating, hunting both Hare and Fox, and purging their reins according to lease: The *Franciscans* came, because the Monks were proud; and the *Bernardines* for the same reason, because the Monks were fat and stately: the Jesuites came shoving in at last, because the Monks had long desisted from the teaching of Children, and thereby ingaging rich Parents, and from the recovering of Nations, and thereby obliging the most rich Parent of all at Rome: and so in others. Whom did, or do the Jesuites and they love, but in order to their own ends, and for gain-sake? Who have been more scandalous in all the wandrings of wickedness, than the Monks with their poatch'd Eyes in their Meditations? The worst of Geneva-Jesuites might better and more justly be canoniz'd after the Age is pass'd wherein he liv'd, than the best of Monks in these parts. And I have read in a learned Monk, that as Rivers after long running run slender and muddy, so the best things gather dust, and contract corruption in length of Time. Your *Pontifices maximi*, grand Fathers at Rome, have commonly most excellent Resolutions and Actions at their first entrance into their *Irish* wooden Chair, but they soon Reed-like hold down their Heads: The *Italians* jest it

notably, though profanely. If you censure me, that I whip the Monks too hard, blame me, scourge me; but then, you must blame and scourge with me holy Writers in all Ages, the learned Angel of Hippo, divine *Salvianus*, our English *Gildas*, and a thousand worthy Rabbits more. Had they seen our dayes:—

Lucif. They are Scandals you stumble at.

Rob. You must abjure those, if you enter our list.

Lucif. Father *Robert*, let us leave him: that the Miracle of the Woman and Boy may further convince him.

Rob. Sir, you may repose your self, if you please, a while here. A little remnant of business in the house, summons us. Our stay shall be short.

Ariff. I shall patiently wait your leisure. How now? *Exeunt Luc. and Rob.* A clear case, The Devil dreads not me. A sudden change indeed: This Miracle is but of the lower Classis. Woman and Boy, away with this *Hocus* and *Pecus* his Kinsman, let them *præst* be gone, this threadbare kind of Juggling; (I have been us'd to this Pass and Repass-Part of *Bartholomew* Fair:) Let me tell you in a single Word, if you do not both confess to me your double-dealing, I'll instantly fetch a Constable, and ye shall be soundly whipt in Bridewell till ye do confess, and perhaps Justice will not stop or pause there. I'll do't immediately.

Ws. O good Sir, come back. I am a poor Widdow, and have nothing wherewith to keep life and soul together.

Boy. And I am a very poor Boy. Sir, I was a Beggar-Boy, and begg'd from door to door.

Ariff. I am satisfied. Not a word of what has hapned, as you love your own safeties.

Exit Ariff.

Ws. Boy, we must not say a word of this to the Fathers: if we do, we shall be turn'd forth a begging.

Enter Lucifer and Father Robert.

Lucif. Is the Gentleman gone?

Ws. Yea, reverend Father: but thunder-struck with the Miracle: He will, he saies, wait upon you an other time.

Lucif. So, so: come, supper attends us.

Exeunt.

Act 5. Scene 6.

Enter Agrippa.

Agrip. They within depend upon me to begin this last Scene with a Dance fashionable to our Matter: and they will not be denied. The Dancers commence their entrance.

Enter a Monk.

This is the Monk that Poison'd *Henry* the seventh Emperour, in a Church, being devoutly on his knees: In what manner he poison'd him, it is profane to name, and therefore was most impious and most execrable to do. *Andreas Lampugnani*, a Courtier of *Milán*, newly followed him, in Time, with respect unto the Place, and in the substance of Practise; but the Devil could not have scru'd a Wickedness higher than the Monk did. Rottenness follow both their memories.

Enter an other Monk.

This is the Monk that Poison'd *John* King of *England* in a Monastery, and that he might accomplish his mischievous work without suspicion, first poison'd himself, drinking a health to the King in a poison'd Cup. Let his Name be thought as poisonous as his Poison.

Enter Clement.

This is *Clement* the Jacobin Frier, that murdered

murdered *Henry* the third, King of *France*, by searching into his body with a sanctified Knife; to whose Praise *Sic Cinquo*, the great Caliph at *Rome*, a kinde of almighty Favourer and Patron of the Jesuits, dedicated a Panegyricall Oration; May he and his Patron be never remembred, but under the notion that the Devil was Patron to both.

Enter *Barrier*.

This is *Barrier*, that attempted the murder of *Henry* the fourth, the late famous King of *France*, with a poison'd Altar-Dagger, a Poison'd Dagger consecrated on the Altar. May he and his Dagger be odious to the whole Mals of Mankind.

Enter *Reviliack*.

This is *Reviliack*, *Barriers* Executor; animated therunto by *Farad* a Jesuit: Let him and his Counsellour be so loath'd and abhorr'd by all men, that afterwards the very Toad may seem amiable to us.

Enter *Faux*.

This with his dark Lanthorn is *Guido Faux*. His horrid attempt and compliance with *Garnet* and *Oldcorn* Jesuits, and others is not forgotten; though the Age now declining, the Friends of that Faction report it a meer Fable: In the Age following, they will infallibly declare it a Fable *ex Cathedra*. Father *Tompson*, our Schollars Ghostly Father at *Rome*, boasted that he was an Actor in the Powder-Treason, and that he then digg'd many times under our Parliament-House till every thread of his shirt was wet. All those horrid Plotters were afterwards chronicled for Martyrs, in the English Martyrologie printed *Anno Dom.* 1608, and *Garnet's* Picture expos'd to sale, was

adorned with *Bayes* about the Head, signifying his Glory and Saintship. May all good People lay the memories of these Saints beneath them, when they go to the little House in the Garden.

Enter *Tony*.

This is *Tony*, a young extract of Romish blood, that wounded our Poet in the face with a Knife of the Dagger-Fashion, intending to kill him. Let him pass as the simple *Tony*, and Fool of the Company. If any one hath incur'd that wicked Name of Rebel, let him behold here with horreur, whom he hath imitated: The Monks have imitated the Devil, the first and grand Rebel; the Jesuits have imitated the Monks, and the Devil; and Rebels imitate the Jesuits, the Monks, & the Devil. They dance. Exeunt.

Enter *F. Robert* with Books.

Rob. Sir, will you buy a Book, a Godly Book?

Ag. What Books have you?

Rob. Books of Devotion, Sir: you may take your choice of English or Latin.

Ag. Are you a Bookfellow?

Rob. Yes, Sir, a poor one; but my Books are not sold publickly.

Ag. Your Books, I see, belong to the t'other side of the great Pond.

Rob. They do, Sir: therefore they bear the higher price here.

Enter *Madam Hypocrisit* and *Pretty*.

Madam, will your Ladship be pleas'd to buy a Book?

Enter *Aristotle Junior*.

Sir, I have good Books to sell.

Arist. Are you there again. He sells his Books as a Pedling sort of men sell

base Tobacco; in the streets, but without publick notice.

Enter *Lucifer*.

Lucif. One short word with you, Sir: You remember the most heavy charge you laid upon me.

Agr. I do.

Lucif. I have done what lies on my part. If there were an Ocean of Time, I could meet it with a Sea of Matter: But all things have their assigned limits: and by the foot of *Hercules*, *Pythagoras* his Schollar may proportion the whole Body. I have carried you up to the highest Orb of my Policies: which is: to disguise the most innocent and most simple Persons into the most busie-witted and most pragmatick: and thereby, to turn vertue in her native white, and her unmingled colour, forth into contempt: So that all true Piety comes into the gripe of Scorn; and all Truth within the censure of Suspicion: onely Politick Knaves thrive, and poor Honesty is neglected and rejected. Now Sir, having done my work I expect my wages.

Agr. What wages?

Lucif. Your self.

Agr. I renounce you.

Lucif. I shall not easily renounce my Right in you. Look you, Sir. I can appear like my self at my pleasure.

Hyp. Heaven shield us: Is our most reverend Father turn'd Devil? Father *Roberts* help us. Lend me a godly Book.

Prett. And me another. O good lack, I have been at confession with the devil many a time. I fear he will not keep counsel.

Arif. This is strange in a high and mighty measure. Yet Mistris. Few there are of your reverend Fathers, that would not shrink into Devils, if they should appear in their own likenes.

Rob. I am amaz'd. What! Is my reverend Brother a Devil? Thou foul sin: would'it thou be so limit-less, as to take our holy Habit upon thee? how durst thou presume to touch it?

Agr. Sir, he claims me too; because I commanded him by the Power of natural Magick: and for this he would spoil our Comedy.

Lucif. I have rather conserv'd your Comedy: who should otherwise have introduced the Monks poisoning their Adversaries, and the Jesuites lessoning their Scholars at the sight of Pictures, and the stabbing of Images, to stab and kill.

Rob. Let me see, where is my *Flagellum Dammum*? Thou hellish Dog, Depart, or I will amand, ablegate; and send thee to some vast and horrid Desert, where in all thy Apparitions thou shalt fright nothing but contemptible Flies, ignoble Serpents, and the like. Thou hast long been wandering, and here thou art out of thy proper Place, and I arrest thee. Thou goest: I have it here. *Ego te, Bestiam infernalis*---

Lucifer. The Magician is but one. I may gain thousands by relinquishing him, and plying the credulous world with a belief that I fear such bug bears, O, O.

He shakes.

Rob. Once I have said, and I say the second time, *Ego te Bestiam infernalis*---

Lucif. O, no more of that good Sir: I'll leave the Magician behind me, and go quietly away, if you please to loose me.

Hyp. Well done, Reverend Father: your Books are formidable: the Devil fears you, and them.

Arif. I fear not this Monkish Devil. Sir, what shall I give you for your *Flagellum Dammum*? It will be helpfull to me in scourging the Monks: I doubt not but I shall find more Devils amongst them.

Lucif.

Lucif. How say you, good Sir, shall I depart quietly?

Rob. Quietly, and quickly.

Lucif. Wife, shall I not kiss before I go?

Hyp. I abhor thee. I confess I had a child by thee thou cursed *Incubus*, but I was never married to thee. The name of Husband and Wife with us, were but words, I abhor thee.

Pres. As my Mistress abhors thee, so do I abhor thee. Whatsoever I confess to thee, I'll confess again to a lawfull Priest.

Enter Lucifuga, running as a Devil.

Hyp. And I.

Lucifug. My Lord, O my Lord *Lucifer*: Order you had, or you could not have conserv'd your Government: now All's out of all Order. The Monks and Jesuites in your long absence have set all Hell on fire: they dissid'd at first amongst themselves, and now they have stir'd up, and set all Hell against you. Your very Seraglio of Vestals are wrought and brought into the Combustion.

Lucifer. O, Now am I sick indeed, and beyond *Legerdmain*. You are the finisher cause of all this, *Agrippa*.

Rob. Touch him not, *Eggs, Bostiam, infernaleum*.

Lucifer. I swell into the Mountain *Olympus*. O, how I swell! I shall burst asunder: And there's a dreadfull tempest in my stomach. How, and where shall I empty my self? I know not where to bestow my troubled stomach, and my seditionous belly. O good Females help me. O some kind body, point me to a secret place. O.

Vaing. Help the Devil? Not I.

Lucifer. Your helping hand *Lucifuga*. *Extremi Lucifer, and Lucifuga.*

From within, *O Juna Lucina serapim.*
Noise of straining.

Agrip. Sir: I admonish you in private, to guard your Person: the Monks and Jesuites cannot observe a distance, they will endanger your life by themselves or their Abettors.

Arist. I am in your opinion: but if they kill me, they will immortalize the settled opinion the world hath of them; and I shall appear before him who knows that in all the story, I have kept the path of substantial Truth, and alwayes like *Timanthes* the Painter, cover'd more than I shew'd. I may have misplac'd and mis-senter'd an Action, but in the substance I have been quadrate with Truth. Beyond this, These Renegadoes expose our Nation, being also their own, ridiculous in their Colledge-Comedies beyond the Seas: why should not we then, within our own Sphere and Region, pay them with the Law of Talion, especially after such most abusive, and most injurious Transactions?

Agrip. I side with you.

Arist. And now, if *Archimedes* were alive, he would sooner undertake to number the sands of the Sea, than to summe up the lies that will Epilogize to the Epilogue of this Comedy.

Enter Lucifuga.

Lucifug. My Lord's well amended! He has both vomited and gone to the stoole. He spew'd a proud Jesuite: and was brought to bed backwards of a drunken Monk. Here he comes in the midst of them.

Enter Lucifer, a little Jesuite with his Arms a Lembole, and a little Monk, resting.

Vaing. The Jesuite is as like him as if he spat him out of his mouth.

Agrip. The Monk is a Reverend Monk of a little one.

Arist.

The Pragmatical Jesuits new seven'd.

Lucifer. A Sir Reverence Monk, you should have said.

Rob. I have fostered thee too long. Depart: *Exit.*

Lucifer. Lord, and Princely presence in Hell will soon allay this insurrection.

Rob. Be gone. *Exit Lucifer.*

Lucifer. I go.

Jesuites and Monks. within I take an oath.

Lucifer. I lay you low, and be reveng'd of both.

Exeunt Lucifer, and Luciferus, with the

two Boys.

Art. Farewell. *Art.* I'll weave out

Epilog. *Exit.*

Enter Galen. *Enter with his Urinal.*

Enter a Drawer. *Enter.*

Draw. Urinal, stand by the

Mark's out of your Mouth.

Gentlemen. Did ye call? The

And Drink like Devils. His

Epilog. is better. He

Welcomes Men here's, and if

any long be found.

The Italian Tongue welcome you

tuttie quanti.

He himself bows to you.

Believe it, pray, although you

do not see it.

Accept his gift for Industry: and

know his

Acceptance may create a

Friend in regards to Garnet's

Servant.

A Monk is Sergeant, who

praised Malton's

Did you see? He

was a

Man and you

I would

you would

you would

you would

you would

you would

you would

you would

you would

you would

you would

you would

this last parcel of my life, in the good old Garden-house of Devotion.

Hyp. I and my Maid will serve School again: we shall never want Scholars.

But Prer. we must have a special care to keep the Devil out of our Quarters.

Prer. Madam, every man that opens himself at the Door, shall there bare his feet: we'll see if he be cloven-footed or no.

Enter Hyp. and **Prer.**

Prer. I'll joyn my forces with Father Robert, my zealous Defender against the Devil. Sir, I shall buy Books of you.

Rob. And I shall further instruct you.

Exeunt.

Enter O.

He holds it up.

He holds it up.

He holds it up.

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He holds it up.

He holds it up.

All's paid, and ye are most kindly welcome, Gentlemen.

F I N I S.

